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The Week

THE new crisis between the United States and Mexico is not the result of any recent happening. No developments have taken place for many months in the dispute between the two countries. The belligerent notes which the United States has recently despatched are the result only of an increasing determination on the part of our State Department to insist on having its own way. There is the best of reasons to suppose that they were inspired by Ambassador James R. Sheffield, as was Mr. Kellogg's absurd and deplorable statement some months ago in which he solemnly told Mexico that she is "on trial." This policy of trying to bully our sister republic and to carry things with a high hand, whether it originates with Mr. Sheffield or another is, we think, unwise and unfair. It is based on that inability to think through any course of conduct to its logical end, which is the hallmark of professional diplomacy the world over.

WHILE there is no doubt that the quarrel between the Mexican government and the Catholic Church has much to do with present relations between the two countries, the ostensible reason for the dispute continues to be the Mexican oil and land laws, which will go into effect on January 1. In summary, these laws provide that no foreigner may in future acquire land within 100 kilometres of the border. Any land now so held may be kept until the death of the present owner, but his heirs must dispose of it to Mexican citizens. Foreign companies owning a majority of the stock in Mexican companies must reduce it to a minority within ten years. Owners of oil lands are required to exchange their titles for what are in effect fifty-year leases. The United States does not dispute the right of Mexico to enforce these laws in the future. The whole point at issue is whether they shall be retroactive or not, applying to property acquired by Americans prior to the Constitution of 1917. Mexico has said that in practice, the laws will not be executed so as to work a hardship on Americans or other foreigners. The Calles government offers, in effect, a gentleman's agreement on this point, like that which Roosevelt made with Japan in regard to immigration. Undoubtedly, internal politics plays a part in determining the attitude of Mexico. Hostility to the Yankee is a predominant motive among the people and an administration which yielded abjectly to our demands would imperil itself. This idea, however, is far over the heads of Messrs. Sheffield and Kellogg. They are not content to get the substance: they want the letter too.

WHAT will happen if both sides remain firm? Our recognition of the Calles régime will be withdrawn, and the embargo on arms shipments canceled. This will constitute a plain invitation for a revolution, aided if not inspired by a combination of supporters of the Catholic Church and American oil and land interests. Such a revolution might be successful or it might not; but at best it could give only temporary immunity to the forces which inspired it, and Mexico would again for a period of years be plunged into internal strife and bathed in blood. We cannot believe that the sober second judgment of the United States government will condone such a proceeding. The experience of a decade and a half shows that we cannot force Mexico to do our bidding by any measures short of a war ending in annexation, a war which would be long and terribly wasteful of money and lives. The only alternative is an attitude of genuine friendliness. If Secretary Kellogg cannot see that this is

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true, we believe President Coolidge will. He has refused before this to be crowded into jingoism. There is good ground for the hope that he will continue in the same frame of mind.

THE Commission on Extra-territoriality in China has brought in the report which was expected. It says China is not yet fit to administer its own courts and that the foreign powers must therefore retain jurisdiction over their own nationals. The Commission, it will be remembered, grew out of the Arms Conference at Washington. China asked that extra-territoriality be abolished. The powers did not want at that time to refuse outright, and the Commission to investigate was proposed as a compromise. Since then, affairs have grown steadily worse. The only real government in China today is that of Canton. The various war lords make their own law in the territory they control. Judges and police officials are badly paid, there is no uniformity of procedure and new codes are badly needed. On the other hand, the Commission points out some weaknesses of extra-territoriality as it is practiced. There are too many courts, great confusion arises in cases involving citizens of two or more countries, appeals are taken to higher courts outside of China. The Commission advises that the foreign courts should base their decisions on Chinese law as far as possible, that foreigners should pay taxes and should obey the Chinese regulations. It solemnly advises China to reorganize its law, write a new Constitution, and establish uniformity of procedure.

IT MIGHT as well, in the present juncture, advise all the citizens of that unhappy country to go and live in pearl palaces in Paradise. The existing situation, for which the European powers and the United States must bear a considerable part of the responsibility, is one which cannot be remedied in any such simple fashion as the Commission seems to suppose. The fragmentary Peking government is at the end of its rope. The best hope for a unified government is the continued progress of the Cantonese forces, whom the foreigners in China have steadily opposed in every way possible. Extra-territoriality is not so important in fact as it is alleged to be. Russia has renounced these rights and Austria, Hungary and Germany have lost them, and the citizens of these four countries apparently suffer no grave inconvenience thereby. As soon as China is strong enough, it is now clear, all special privileges of foreigners will be abolished. The western powers won't like it, but the alternative, which is to subdue China by military force, is now out of the question.

MR. HOOVER returns with his familiar refrain that the prosperity of America in 1926 is greater than ever before. And it is accompanied by the familiar indexes of production and trade. There is no questioning the general purport of these figures, yet a little careful analysis, showing more exactly what they mean, might have been in better taste from the Department of Commerce than so much boasting. Manufacturing Production, based on 100 in 1919, went from 118 in 1925 to 126 in 1926. Mineral Production, though not as high as in 1923, is still high. Forest Products production stands at 124. But each of these general indexes is an average of specific ones, and examination of the latter is illuminating. Manufacturing Production is boosted mainly by such industries as automobiles, steel, and building materials of all kinds. Mineral Production means chiefly a growth in oil for gasoline, in copper and iron. Forest Products of course reflects materials for building and auto body work. All these products respond to the building boom or the motor boom, both of which rest on credit—the first on building loans, the second on instalment loans. When it comes to industries making goods sold for cash to retail consumers, such as textiles, clothing, shoes, food, no such expansion is visible. Some, in fact, show a contraction.

TON-MILES of railroad freight, which have grown in recent years, reflect the building and motor booms. Electric power production has expanded wondrously, but it is being substituted for steam. Building contracts let is an honest figure—its expansion fits the specific as well as the general picture. Then come the indexes of value of sales, which Mr. Hoover assumes accurately indicate the growth of retail trade as a whole. For the most part they do not. They indicate the growth of the trade of department stores, chain stores and mail-order houses; and everyone knows that these agencies of merchandizing are steadily encroaching on the small independent store. No one knows exactly how much, and therefore we cannot eliminate the specific growth factors in order to get at the volume of retail trade in general. When we come to wholesale trade we have a figure which really means something. Based on 100 in 1919, this stands at 80 in 1923, 82 in 1924, 83 in 1925 and 85 in 1926. The recent figures are lower than the base, as they should be, because wholesale prices are lower. They show a small growth, somewhat larger than the growth in population, but not much. To that extent the ultimate consumers are really consuming more. This is the only good basis for boasting, since the building boom and the motor boom seem both to be subsiding; and if they do subside materially most of the high-flown indexes of production will subside with them.

TO TOP off the prosperity publicity comes a release from the Department of Agriculture which says, "The department's index of purchasing power of farm products is placed at 81 for October, a new low for the season, compared with a pre-war base of 100." This drop is attributed in part to lowered

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cotton prices, "although the downward trend is not explainable in terms of any single crop. . . . It is, perhaps, roughly accurate to say that the season has been favorable to livestock producers as a whole, but it has brought discouragement to growers of such important cash crops as cotton, fruit and spring wheat. . . . Cheap cotton has its reactions in other fields. Cheap cottonseed means a lowered price scale on concentrated feeds; such feeds for a typical dairy ration now show the lowest price index in four years. It means competition for lard, so much so that lard now sells down near the same price per pound as the live hog. It may have some meaning for wool growers. Cotton and wool prices usually move in close relationship." So much for the prosperity of the farmer. Will the city dweller at least reap some advantage in lower living costs? That remains to be seen.

WE are glad to report one case in which a victim of the professional patriots has come out completely and triumphantly victorious. Mr. Henry Flury is a teacher in a high school in Washington, D. C., and he amused himself some time ago by writing a definition of Socialism which he submitted to the Forum magazine, in one of a series of definition contests which that excellent periodical is conducting. Mr. Flury's definition was published, and caught the sleepless eye of Brigadier-General Amos A. Fries, of the U. S. Chemical Warfare Service. General Fries forthwith demanded the young man's head on a platter. What! Were the youth of the nation's capital to be instructed by a man capable of writing a definition of Socialism? Mr. Flury should be called before the Board of Education at once and required to pledge himself never to misbehave so outrageously again, or banished to outer darkness. To this Mr. Flury replied with spirit that he was quite willing to appear before the Board of Education to discuss his professional work, but not his private activities; that if he chose to write a definition of Socialism in a magazine it was no business of his superiors, whose job it was to see that he performed his duties in the classroom well and honestly. We are glad to report that public opinion in Washington supported him in this view. The school authorities stood by him; and even a local post of the American Legion, whose letterhead General Fries had used, protested that the general was making the order ridiculous. The whole attack on Flury blew up with a feeble pop; which encourages us to embrace the extraordinary, the revolutionary doctrine that perhaps the world do move, after all.

CALIFORNIA'S governor-elect, Mr. Young, is confronted by an opportunity to perform an important public service. For ten years Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings have been in prison, serving life sentences for complicity in a bomb explosion on July 22, 1916, in San Francisco. We do not need to recite again to our readers the facts which show that their trial was unfair. They were convicted on perjured testimony; the presiding judge asked the Attorney General to seek a new trial, which the state Supreme Court denied; the judge, the district attorney, his three assistants, and eight of the nine living jurors united in an appeal to Governor Richardson to pardon these two victims of class warfare and mob hysteria. Ten years in prison would be a heavy punishment even if Mooney and Billings were guilty. The recent election in California was one of several indications that that state is coming to its senses. We hope Governor Young will further the process and put an end to one of the most disgraceful miscarriages of justice in our history.

ELECTRIC utility companies justify their practice of charging enormously higher rates to domestic consumers than to factories by saying that in the case of the latter they have to meet the potential competition of generation by industry itself. But are they entirely free from competition on the part of the general public? To think so is to take an extremely short-sighted view of the situation. There are home electric plants, rapidly improving in efficiency and widely used throughout the countryside. There are cheap and reliable gasoline motors for power. There is cheap kerosene for heating, cooking and lighting. Now a correspondent writing to the Electrical World, a trade journal, cites as an illustration the city of Elmhurst, outside of Chicago, which for its 5,000 population installed an oil engine plant which could produce at 1 cent per k.w.h. as against 2½ cents asked by the company. The latter finally climbed down and met the local price. And E. E. Brackett, an agricultural professor in the University of Nebraska, announces that highly satisfactory results have been obtained in making sufficient electricity for all farm purposes by hitching up an ordinary windmill to a generator and a storage battery. The top-heavy electric utility combinations will have to wake up or they may find the public is not so utterly dependent on them as they have thought.

WE publish in this issue an article dealing with the present situation in Italy, and signed by a pseudonym, "Peter Brooklyn." We regret that we cannot give our correspondent's name, or identify him for our readers. To do so would be to subject him to grave personal danger, and this despite the fact that his article is a moderate and discriminating statement. Anyone who writes about Italy in any other terms than fervid eulogy incurs the enmity, not only of the government, but of the Fascist organization, and repeated experiences have demonstrated that this enmity is likely to be expressed in terms of destruction of property and physical violence. The necessity for anonymity except in communications which contain nothing but praise is

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itself a sufficient comment on the present character of the Mussolini régime.

IN this connection there is an interesting observation in the New Statesman, London, for November 13. The New Statesman received a letter for publication from Commendatore Luigi Villari, whom the New Statesman "understands to be the chief official propagandist agent of Fascism" in Great Britain. The New Statesman refused to publish the letter from Commendatore Villari, on grounds with which the New Republic has complete sympathy. If the press generally adopted such an attitude, which accords with the most elementary principles of fair play, Fascist propaganda would lose its effectiveness. The editor's statement follows:

> My communications with my very able and moderate (though of course anti-Fascist) correspondent in Rome have been severed. A few weeks ago I had an urgent private message which has deterred me from writing to him since, or even sending him the usual voucher copy of those issues of the New Statesman in which his articles have appeared. I can send him in fact only verbal messages from time to time as opportunity arises, lest his writings should lead to his being semi-officially beaten or murdered—or perhaps merely imprisoned.
>
> Whilst attempts of this type to gag the British press continue, I do not propose to offer the hospitality of the columns of the New Statesman to any official apologist of the essentially barbarous régime which at present exists in Italy, and I hope that other English newspapers may adopt the same attitude. If I were to print [Commendatore Villari's] letter, my correspondent would be able neither to see nor to reply to it, unless somewhere in Rome he chanced upon a copy of the paper.

Party Government Upside Down

ACCORDING to present reports the Democrats and the progressives during the coming session of Congress will focus their political opposition to the Republicans on the attempt to win a specific tactical victory. They will try by impeding throughout the present winter the progress of the appropriation bills to force on their opponents the calling of an extra session of the new Congress. It is always difficult during the short session to combine the passage of these bills with the transaction of the other necessary business and with the effusion of sufficient Senatorial eloquence. It usually requires the willing coöperation of all parties to prevent the legislative machine from getting jammed. It would be easy, so it is alleged, for the Democrats and progressives by systematically prolonging debate in the Senate hopelessly to congest the schedule and so compel the President to reassemble Congress before the ending of the present fiscal year in June.

The scheme has one obvious weakness. The Republican majority in Congress should, if it takes the warning seriously, be able to accelerate the legislative machine and adjourn at the end of March 3, 1927, with its indispensable work fully accomplished. The aspect of the plan to which we wish to draw attention is not, however, the probability of its success or failure. No matter whether it succeeds or fails, a try-out of it will be a confession of the breakdown of party government. The party in power, which is responsible for legislation, is in this instance trying to escape the exercise of its responsibility, while the parties out of power are trying to force their opponents to legislate. From the point of view of responsible government it is absurd for the minority party which cannot legislate upon contentious issues to insist upon legislation and the majority party which can legislate to insist on avoiding legislation. Such is the standard of partisan warfare which government in the United States, divided between the Democrats and the Republicans, has now reached.

In Great Britain or Canada a party which wins a general election is pledged to achieve a certain legislative program. After it assumes power, it may or may not redeem its pledges, but if it should fail to legislate upon a subject which called for action, the opposing parties would, of course, merely try to capitalize the official negligence. It is their business, if possible, to prevent the government from legislating on the theory that all or nearly all of its works must proceed from erroneous ideas of public policy. It is no part of their business to compel the government to pass bills which from their point of view would necessarily be unsatisfactory. Even in this land of political irresponsibility, the party out of power has rarely, if ever, worried about the failure of the party in power to legislate. The opposition has frequently filibustered to prevent the passage of what it considered inexcusably bad legislation, but it has never before proposed to filibuster in order, by preventing the passage of legislation of which it approved (the appropriation bills), to force on its opponents the passage of Republican legislation which it would presumably disapprove.

Congressional politics in the United States has been reduced to this ridiculous trifling with the realities of government by the combination of an impotent opposition with a sterile and stagnant party in power. Mr. Coolidge himself is, of course, by temperament and conviction a past master in the art of piously and unctuously doing nothing. From his point of view the voters confided power to the Republicans in order to reduce taxes and particularly taxes on the very rich. This they have done, and having done it, they are not obliged to do anything more except, perhaps, a little more of the same kind. If he can avoid it, he does not propose to legislate about such troublesome matters as farm relief, Muscle Shoals, railway consolidation or pub-

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lic utilities. The members of his party in Congress are divided on these questions, and the effort to secure an agreement on particular bills would be either ineffective or costly. From every point of view he prefers to postpone the liability to produce a united policy until the session of 1927-28. Most of his fellow Republicans in Congress agree with him. They realize as well as he does that attempts on their part to deal with any of the major problems of the day would breed the same kind of dissensions as have their past efforts to provide farm relief or to join the United States to the World Court.

It is this weakness of the Republican position which, of course, explains the proposed tactics of the progressives and the Democrats. They wish to place the Republican party in a predicament from which it cannot be extricated without loss. If they can force the calling of an extra session, they can by their control of the Senate prevent adjournment after the appropriations bills are passed. The disaffected blocs will then goad the Republican leaders to deal with the various controverted subjects of legislation, and in so far as they yield they will get into trouble. This calculation is, doubtless, plausible. Nevertheless, we doubt whether the game, as the Democrats and progressives propose to play it, is worth the candle. The only bills which could be passed would be bad or doubtful bills. The Republican House would refuse to accept any legislation which from the progressive point of view would look good. It does not seem worth while to improve the chances of undesirable legislation in the hope of entangling the Republicans in an embarrassing predicament. Let them stew in their own grease.

Neither is there any reason to believe that the Democratic-progressive attempt to keep the legislative pot boiling will be popular. American public opinion is for the time being about as apathetic as official Republican opinion. The most influential part of it tends to believe that the only good Congress is an adjourned Congress. While there are local and occupational groups that are clamoring for legislation, the country as a whole looks upon political activity as unprofitable. This is emphatically true in the case of the state governments. The ruling class in this country now combines a fervid devotion to states' right with an active preference for state legislative paralysis. It is a settled policy of the American Chambers of Commerce and other business associations both to denounce federal centralization and to reduce the sessions of the state legislatures, which are supposed to safeguard American social welfare, to once every four years. They have not as yet tried to apply the rule to Congress, but they surely would if they could. Politics is from their point of view a nuisance which interferes with business. Business is, of course, the higher and more essential activity. It manufactures prosperity while politics merely manufactures threats to its continuation or drains upon its profits. The American voters are not disposed for the present to combat these opinions. They will not, considering their present subservience to business, arise indignantly and vote for Democratic or progressive candidates who wish to legislate rather than Republicans who do not and cannot. If the Democrats or the progressives controlled Congress, it would be just as difficult for them to agree upon sound legislation as it is for the Republicans, and the voters do not much care, anyway.

It is a serious matter for the citizens of a democracy to regard with indifference and almost reprobation the exercise of the right to legislate which their forefathers conquered at such a heavy cost. They cannot in that event possess much respect for themselves as a responsible functioning community. A republic in which the governing faction cannot or does not wish to legislate is like an army which expects to win battles by moving, not as a whole, but in small detachments. It can only remain whole by remaining still. No doubt American voters are justified in their indifference to legislation and politics, if the possible value of politics to the community is measured by the recent performances of the Democratic and Republican parties. But they should remember in this connection that the Democratic and Republican parties are only the voters themselves, divided up and organized in order to forge a majority which is capable of meeting the legislative and administrative needs of the nation. The major parties serve a greater lord, which is the mass of the American electorate, and, if party politics is unprofitable and sterile, there must be something wrong with the image of public policy which American opinion permits or encourages the politicians to envisage.

There is, indeed, something wrong about the popular image of public policy. It is formed and colored by a desire for economic prosperity, which means chiefly to the people who effectively desire it, the increasing satisfaction at any cost of an existing complex of successful private interests. Politics which exists chiefly for the satisfaction of a pool of unregenerate private interests does not provide an atmosphere in which constructive legislation can flourish; and even when public welfare is crying for such legislation, politics is either sterile or it gives birth to abortions. The degradation of a political system which is deprived of objects and methods appropriate to its own function is in the circumstances inevitable, but the business men who find in this degradation a sufficient excuse for being cynical about politics and politicians are spurning a nest which they themselves have helped to foul. They will find that a politics which is too poor-spirited to assume the responsibility for constructive legislation may in the end prove to be a weak buttress for those parts of the business structure which are necessary to the welfare of the society as a whole.

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Can We Tax Corporations?

AMONG the various income tax agitations now in process, the most formidable seems to be that which proposes to make the expected surplus for 1926-27 an excuse for reducing the levy on corporate net incomes a few points. This was raised from 12 percent to 13½ percent by the latest tax law, as a means of reimbursing the Treasury for cuts in other directions which it considered excessive, and now at least the extra 1½ percent is likely to be cut off.

On the general ground that future receipts should not be reduced, both on account of the danger of a deficit when business grows poorer, normal expenditures rise and abnormal receipts fall away, and on account of the desirability of using any surplus to reduce the debt as rapidly as possible, this plan seems to us unwise. But it furnishes an occasion to open the whole question of revising the corporation tax, which in our opinion is inadequate and illogical in its present form. It is inadequate because it does not sufficiently tap at its source the greatest river of wealth accumulation in the United States. It is illogical because, being a flat tax, it is capable in many instances of being passed on to the consumer, and does not fit in with the income tax scheme of rates graduated according to ability to pay.

Everyone knows that one of the most commonly used means to avoid the tax burden by those best able to pay lies in this corporation tax. Because of its existence, dividends are not taxed in the personal income returns. What more simple than for a rich man to incorporate his various sources of income, pay his flat 12 or 13 percent in a corporation tax, and through the exemption of his dividends avoid the higher rates which would otherwise apply to his personal income? Even without using such a device the wealthy man profits because so large a proportion of his income is likely to consist of untaxed dividends. The recent report of the Income Tax Bureau for 1924 shows that by far the largest part of the biggest incomes consists in dividends. If Secretary Mellon had really been eager to increase the yield by stopping the leaks of avoidance, he would have paid more attention to this matter and less to tax-exempt bonds.

To discover a fair and feasible means of graduating the corporation tax, however, presents great difficulty. Obviously the rate cannot progress merely according to the size of the net income, as do personal taxes. The net income of a business concern depends not merely on the profit margin per unit of product, but on the number of units sold. Suppose two firms, one small and one large, sell identical products at the same price, and make the same margin of profit. Suppose the small one markets 1,000 units at $10 margin, and the large one markets 100,000 units at the same margin. Is there any reason for taxing the $10,000 profit of the first at a lower rate than the $1,000,000 profit of the second? Obviously not, if we have in mind the greater capital investment of the second.

During and after the War the excess profits tax furnished a rough rule-of-thumb method for graduation. It took as the "normal" profit of each corporation the average of certain pre-war years, and made the rate progressive for everything above that. This is an admirable method during a short period to get at abnormal war profits, but it would not work fairly in peace time, when ordinary growth would cause the tax to handicap many newly thriving industries and would discourage new investment. Such a tax would, for instance, bear far more heavily on the Ford Motor Company, so large a part of whose expansion has occurred since 1916, than on the United States Steel Corporation, which was well established long before the War.

Theoretically, the most logical method would graduate the tax according to the percentage earned on the actual investment. A man who puts a hundred dollars into a business and gets back twenty-five annually can and should bear a higher rate of tax on his profit than one who puts in a hundred and gets back five. A tax of this sort would go far to correct many of the inequalities in our economic structure which we have tried to get at in other, and more clumsy ways. It would, for instance, divert back to public uses a large part of monopoly profits and semi-monopoly profits, without disturbing any efficiency arising from large-scale operations, or involving complex legal adjudication of what is and what is not monopolistic, or calling on governmental agencies for a futile attempt to preserve competition. The difficulty with such a tax —which we do not believe wholly insurmountable— is to work out a method of applying it. Corporation accounts are not so kept as to show the investors' actual sacrifice. Current methods of valuation are based on earning power as well as on the cost of the investment. The Interstate Commerce Commission has now been trying to value the railroads for many years, and after huge expense the matter is still not settled. Furthermore, if we should really succeed in valuing for tax purposes every business corporation according to the actual cost of its investment, going back into musty records to do so, and then should proceed to tax its profits accordingly, many individual investors who had bought shares at market values which had been created by the rate of profit would be unjustly treated. The yield to the investor who holds the stock may be quite different from the rate of profit on the money originally put into the concern. Such difficulties might be avoided if at a given time federal supervision of corporate accounting, with an adequate means of recording actual new investment, could be installed. We might then begin with a flat rate such as we have, and apply progressive rates subsequently according as the ratio of profit to the investment grew. This method would accept

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such inequalities as now exist, but would deter their enlargement in the future.

The late Coal Commission recommended a graduated tax to get at the quasi-monopoly profits in the anthracite industry. Its investigation showed that some favorably situated companies make much more than others, and if their necessity of reasonable profit were alone to be considered, prices might be lower or wages higher, or both. But the price level and the wage level are restricted by the marginal concerns which would be put out of business if prices and wages were to come much closer together, but whose output is needed. Very similar situations exist elsewhere; in fact, it might be said that this, rather than complete monopoly, is the characteristic profit structure of most American industry. The big concern does not need to control the field, it can simply ride to riches on the necessities of its marginal competitors. This suggests a graduation of rates based in some way on the marginal company. In the case of anthracite coal, which is a staple commodity with standard grades and sizes, it would be possible to assess the minimum rate on a certain margin of profit per unit of product, and to apply progressive rates to higher margins. This method would be difficult to apply in most industries, at least until standardization has made far more progress than at present.

Perhaps the simplest plan to execute under present conditions would be to abandon the corporation tax altogether and make dividends taxable equally with all other sources of revenue in the personal returns. This, to be sure, would not necessarily bring as great a yield as the present method. Small dividend receivers would be untaxed; such net profit as is devoted to enlargement of surplus would be untaxed—unless a corporate tax were retained to cover it. It might be that even the dividends received by taxpayers would yield a lower rate on the average than 12 or 13 percent. In addition there would be some leakage through abandoning collection at the source. Furthermore the whole incidence of the tax would be transferred to personal ability to pay, and we should not use the power to deal wholesomely with such economic situations as are described above, which affect many consumers and workers who do not pay direct taxes in any case.

Those who are interested in using the power of government to alleviate the inequalities of the present economic order without damaging its ability to function would do well to examine carefully the possibilities of the business tax. The taxing power of the federal government is perhaps subject to less constitutional limitation than any of its other powers. If some way could be devised by which it could tap at the source the swollen profits of the more fortunate corporations, and use them in work beneficial to the whole population, while imposing lesser burdens on other taxpayers, a great advance in the art of government would be possible.

Rural Youth

RURAL disintegration is a many-sided social reality—so many-sided in fact that its diagnosis is never clarified. It was once thought that the whole complex of rural life could be grounded and simplified by regarding farming as a technology or a business; the Department of Agriculture with its fourteen thousand experts, the forty-eight land grant colleges and experiment stations, and the coöperative marketing movement are, for the most part, derivatives of this business-technic point of view. Subsequent diagnosis or treatment or both are patently faulty since the patient's complaint increases in proportion to the amount of medicine of this sort he swallows. Ordinary commercial enterprises which reveal symptoms of decay respond quickly to increased capitalization, improved use of machinery, additional governmental protection, etc., but not agriculture. Or, if farming does show marked improvement on its business side, the secondary result is invariably negative: those who secure high incomes from agriculture are seldom content to remain in the countryside as residents. Promoters of coöperative marketing were surprisingly successful five and six years ago in enlisting farmers to become members of these "business" organizations; they insisted upon keeping social motives out of the equation: these were to be purely business and not "reform" instruments. Everything the farmer and his family wanted in life would, so they insisted, come automatically once farming was established as a business enterprise. Many of the more alert of these promoters now realize that their organizations have failed and are failing precisely because they overlooked factors which transcend economic and technical levels.

For almost a decade the American Country Life Association has vigorously criticized these particularistic approaches which regard farming as solely a technic or a business. The hypothesis of this group rests upon the premise that farming is a way of life, not merely a way of making a living. An assumption of this sort leads to what might be called an organic or inclusive point of view; the problem may be approached from any specified point but ultimately it must be considered as a whole. If, for example, farming were merely a business existing side by side with like businesses within a capitalistic order, it would be justifiable to give the profit-motive a place of centrality. Those who hold the organic point of view insist upon a different rationale: they persist in asking how the profit-motive and all that flows therefrom fits into the concept of a unifying and satisfying life. Consequently, the annual conferences conducted by this group have been concerned with questions such as the following: What kinds of communal life do farm families enjoy? What sorts of institutions and agencies serve the needs of rural population? How potent is the farm home as a stimulator of social, cultural and intel-

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lectual interests? Is farming a health-giving and health-conserving way of living? What significance is to be attached to rural-urban, rural-village relationships? Where are the focal points of rural maladjustment to be found? These are obviously searching questions—questions which an annual conference can only pry loose from broader contexts and cast into relief. But the mere querying has opened doors toward more intelligent or at least, more reflective, attitudes among those who serve rural needs.

The most recent of these conferences devoted its attention to the problems of rural youth. Publicists and educators have long been proclaiming that the future of agriculture and country life lies with these young people between the ages of ten and twenty. Who are they? Where are they? What are they like? How do they think? More than four hundred interested persons came with queries of this sort on their minds. Sessions were held in a realistic atmosphere of charts and graphs and statistical formulations. One could see at a glance that there are 4,003,006 boys and girls between the ages of ten and fourteen and 3,289,414 between fifteen and nineteen in the rural areas of the United States; that these youths are fairly evenly distributed among the various regions and states both with respect to numbers and sex; that these young people live under an economic dispensation which allows little beyond the margins of food, shelter and clothing; that, in spite of the economic handicaps, most farm boys and girls retain a favorable attitude toward farming as a vocation and toward the country as a place to live. In addition to the charts, statistical material and the experts, some fifty or more rural youths were in attendance, apparently to serve as living laboratory subjects. Besides the program was organized to proceed by discussions and not by the pronouncements of orators. And, like all good conferences, this one gave rise to more questions than it answered.

There is, first of all, no rural youth movement, and consequently no instrument or method for revealing what modern life has done or is doing to the young people of the farms exists. Like their city cousins they want something that either is not there or is out of their reach but they are not quite sure what it is nor how much they want it. They seem healthier than urban youths—probably because they have not yet learned how to affect boredom—but they also seem less vital, less interesting. In one respect at least they are agreed with urban youth: whatever it is that troubles them and whatever it is they are after in life, they no longer expect to find their way by listening to their elders. In fact, so certain are they that they live in another world, they do not intend even to reveal themselves to the older generations. Science, for example, entered the experience of adult farmers of our time in the form of a tool, a more efficient way of getting things done; its deeper implications were lost in the external processes of use. The youth of our time, on the other hand, are beginning to think and live scientifically; they do not stop with the applications of genetic principles to the breeding of crops and live-stock. They are beginning to sense in a vague way that science implies new values and meanings for life. This frightens their elders who thought they were living in a scientific age because they used gasoline engines and allowed their sons to attend agricultural colleges.

If youth is expected to give direction to the future of country life, an awakening of adults will need to come first of all. If the adult community cannot learn how to participate in youth's experimentalism, it must learn how to step gracefully aside. The alternative is rigid insistence upon conformity which widens the gap between youth and adulthood and in the end produces a mediocre, habit-ridden civilization. And the fact which needs most of all to be realized is that experimentation will proceed in the sphere of values. Country life is for the present sterile, dull and uninspiring because its objectives are qualitatively not different from what they were fifty years ago. Indeed the situation has a darker side since the dominant rôle of the city tends to reduce rural aims to the status of imitation; the farm family's motivation tends to become a belated effort to get a few of the same things which city people seem to want and already have. The corn belt farmer may be unable for the present to "buy more land to grow more corn to feed more hogs to buy more land—etc." but this is merely because he has not been paid enough for his hogs. *More and more the same* appears to be the curse of country life.

Rural civilization in the United States has degenerated into dependency; it is now auxiliary to urban life. Nowhere—not even in the prdominantly agricultural areas of the southern states—is a decently affirmative psychic or cultural cohesion to be found, no idée force or fructifying ideal which inspires. Nothing short of a class-conscious movement of revolt reaching down into the habit structure of farm life with sufficient thrust to turn up new values will be adequate to the call for rural restoration. In such a movement rural youth might lose some of its timidity and find courage to lead.

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Oliver Wendell Holmes

HERE is a Yankee, strayed from Olympus. Olympians are reputed at ease in the universe, they know truth in flashes of fire, and reveal its immortal essence in cryptic phrase. How disturbing to the solemnities of average mortals, average lawyers, average judges even, is the swift, searching, epigrammatic thought of Mr. Justice Holmes. Even the wise cracks he loves to fling out are keyed to profundity and wit. He has lived through the most restless periods of American history since the American Revolution itself, yet his early divinations of the law, outlined nearly half a century ago, and his Supreme Court opinions which have together recast American legal thinking seem to have been formulated in the elegant leisure that we associate with the classics.

Mr. Justice Holmes's tall and erect figure which a ripe and white old age has scarcely stooped; his grand manner, at once noble and dazzling—these have never asked quarter of time. Watch his snowy head for a moment among his younger peers on the bench. Note the set of the shoulders in the gown, the oval contour of the face with its fine, angular New England features, the flow of the level white brows into the thin distinction of the nose, the martial moustachios, with their heavy guardsman's droop and their curved ends of punctilio. The eyes, the most striking feature, give off sparkles of scintillating gray-blue, and have more scepticism and gentle malice than mercy in their depths. Though at bottom Holmes is and looks a simple American gentleman of aristocratic rectitude, he has a spice of the Mephistophelian quality which he himself has recommended to the naïveté of judges.

The Justice is listening to a complex argument—listening till his mind, hovering and intent, like the wasp that paralyzes the caterpillar, has driven straight to its heart. Then, while the other judges still patiently listen, he reads over the briefs, calls the pages to bring reports containing opinions relied on by counsel, and is ready, by the time counsel is rising to his peroration, to draft an opinion that will not fail to "strike the jugular."

The jurist who, at four score years and five, can command this penetration of essentials, this intense focusing of mental powers has some rare elixir in his veins. Is it not the true elixir of youth? The youth offered by a young Bostonian to his country in the most heroic of her wars, and thrice wounded, at Ball's Bluff, Antietam and Fredericksburg? Judge Holmes's clearest genius—the sharp and supple functioning of his mind—in some nameless fashion draws its strength from his curiosity and awe in the face of the mystery of existence. It seems that the near presence of death in those three crucial and shadowed years fused his intellect and his emotion in a single shaft of will. It made sceptical philosophy a necessity, but gave to fundamental doubt a practical idealism. It affirmed man's destiny on earth as battle, his chances those of war. But it discovered to him that the root of joy as of duty and the worth of life itself is to put out all one's powers to the full, though the end be dim and the plan of campaign little understood. "Men carry their signatures upon their persons," he has written, "although they may not always be visible at the first glance." The friends of the Justice all know the signature that the Civil War inscribed. It is that of a youthful fighter who somehow inspired the fate of the lonely thinker with the faith of the soldier.

II

The son of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a fortunate youth. Born in the flower of New England's cultural dominance, and at the dawn of the Darwinian age into a family at once Brahminical, literary and scientific, brought up at that "autocratic" breakfast table where a bright saying gave a child a double help of marmalade, he must early have acquired the rich flavor of belles-lettres which in him has ever mellowed the scientific habit. Celebrated men were familiars at his father's house, and from the greatest among them—Emerson—he drew a priceless intellectual ferment. Yet, with his glancing wit and his worldly charm he might have been tempted away from the isolated path of the original thinker but for the war of secession. It was in his own view his greatest good fortune to graduate from Harvard in the class of '61, at the age of twenty, just as this war was beginning, and to learn one day, as he was walking down Beacon Hill, with Hobbes's Leviathan in his hand, that he had a commission in the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers; a regiment commemorated at last in the Boston Public Library by one of the lions of St. Gaudens that guard the entrance stairway. So the young officer, whom we may see in his uniform at Langdell Hall, at the Harvard Law School, with his visored cap on his knee, in one of those touching little faded photographs which were a sop to parental love—a mere lad, trusting and vulnerable, like all lads who have fought all the great wars—went forth to a baptism that he has never forgotten.

It came at Ball's Bluff: an engagement where the Twentieth Massachusetts got its first crucial trial. There were tactical errors which cost dear. The blues, defeated but "too proud to surrender," as the grays declared, were driven down the cliff on the Virginia shore into the Potomac, where, dying, swimming, drowning in numbers, they yet struggled to transport the survivors and the wounded in the few sinking boats to the island in mid-stream, and then to the Maryland shore, while the river was

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whipped into a foam of bullets, and darkness fell. Lieutenant Holmes, apparently mortally wounded in the breast, was laid into a boat with dying men and ferried through the night. And he tells of a conversation with himself, as he became conscious of the approach of succor:

"If I were Sir Philip Sidney," said the undeluded youth, "I should say 'take my comrade first—he is more sorely wounded than I.' But I think I shall just let events take their course."

A story written down by the elder Holmes in the Atlantic Monthly (not altogether to the pleasure of the younger?) is indicative of another side of the Justice's character. This relates how, after the battle of Antietam, Doctor Holmes started out to search for a wounded son. But the doctor could not find his young hero, though he followed this clue and that. At last, in despair, he was taking a train for the north at Hagerstown, Maryland, when, "in the first car, on the fourth seat to the right, I saw my captain."

"Hullo, my boy!"

"Boy, nothing!" (The original tale does not run quite this way.) The "boy" had been spending a week much to his taste. "As he walked languidly along (in Hagerstown) some ladies saw him across the street and, seeing, were moved with pity, and pitying, spoke such soft words that he was tempted to accept their invitation to rest awhile beneath their hospitable roof. The mansion was old, as the dwellings of gentlefolk should be; the ladies were some of them young, and all were full of kindness; there were gentle cares and unasked luxuries and pleasant talk, and music sprinklings for the piano, with a sweet voice to keep them company——"

The words call up along with other images of an America gone forever, a quaint photograph found in a portfolio in the Memorial Alcove at the Boston Library: a bevy of devout young ladies in bustles and tight waists and long flowing skirts, sewing together on a flag. Such a flag was presented, after Ball's Bluff, to Company E "by the sisters of Lieutenants Lowell and Putnam," with a polished letter from Charles Eliot Norton about the honor of the Bay state. The Colonel of the Twentieth, by the way, on first reaching headquarters, and asked by the commanding officer if he had arms, uniforms and accoutrements, replied proudly: "My regiment, sir, came from Massachusetts."

III

Back to Massachusetts then, came young Holmes, to the soil for whose outcropping rocks and barberry bushes and sand dunes and old towns built of brick and shingle he has confessed a rooted affection. He had no path to blaze unless he chose: the natural Puritan aristocracy from which he sprang awaited him with its pleasant securities. But there burned in this young man, as there burns in the Holmes of today, a sense of the valuable brevity of existence. Life was a rich but a responsible adventure, and he had a simple democratic conviction, denied to some who are born under the shadow of Beacon Hill, that "the deepest cause we have to love our country" is "that instinct, that spark that makes the American unable to meet his fellow man otherwise than simply as a man, eye to eye, hand to hand, and foot to foot, wrestling naked on the sand." Holmes was recognizing fiery energies which later claimed mountain climbing as an outlet. A stern intellectual ambition, worthy substitute for the primitive and heroic, was taking shape. A sentence of his own conjures him up for me, standing apart even in his tested group: "In our youth our hearts were touched with fire. It was given us to learn at the outset that life is a profound and passionate thing."

It is hinted that among those young ladies of the best families who—Boston being truly a village in the sixties—"knew every carriage in town," the return of a handsome wounded soldier, (also the class poet of the decimated '61) made a stir. "That lanky talker of a Wendell Holmes" was an old maidservant's dictum. Holmes has always loved talking by a fire with a clever and gracious woman, and these ghostly maidens, if they yet lived, could probably tell us why a young man of varied and brilliant parts chose from several possible destinies to enter the Harvard Law School.

For there was also literature, there was above all philosophy. Holmes was not the man to follow in his father's footsteps, or even in Emerson's, though he had in fact qualities as a literary stylist far superior to the doctor's, and gifts as a philosopher which gave a universal impress to his legal thinking. The winds and waves of eternity beat through his writings. "Nerve and dagger," said Emerson, are lacking in the American genius. Holmes the writer has nerve and dagger, as he has in moral and intellectual issues a blade-like courage. But he did not dream, in those tormented days, of being named among great American writers and philosophers. In his twenties, this profession of the law which he had elected seemed barren enough. Did he choose it, by a quirk common to New Englanders, for that very reason? Because it was hard, male, undesired? The law enforced more than thought: an activity in the world of men, a reality which the soldier felt bound to espouse, if only that it was so alien to his intuitive bent for inward brooding thought. "It cost me some years of doubt and unhappiness," the Justice has avowed, "before I could say to myself 'the law is part of the universe—if the universe can be thought about, one part must reveal it as much as another to one who can see that part. It is only a question if you have the eyes.'"

IV

The study of philosophy helped Holmes to find his legal eyes. He likes to tell how he began to

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read Plato, as an undergraduate at Harvard, and was admonished by Emerson: "Hold him at arm's length, and ask yourself what this ancient philosopher who has survived the ages has to say to *you*." The sequel is pertinent. Young Holmes not only read but turned off a critical essay which he showed expectantly to his mentor. "Young man, when you strike at a king, you must *kill* him." That shaft went straight to the bull's eye. When Holmes graduated from the Law School he approached his profession in the spirit of scientific and philosophic inquiry. Not as do the practitioners "to whom the law is a rag bag from which they pick out the piece and the color that they want." Holmes had no consuming interest in practice, considered as winning cases and making money. But he had the hope, as yet scarce conscious, of shooting with true aim at some great intellectual marks. "Is it possible for a lawyer to be a man of intelligence?" he once hurled at the discomfited Charles Francis Adams.

That a philosopher could be, must be, a man of intelligence Holmes was morally certain. Was he not "twisting the tail of the cosmos" with his friend Bill James? One gets from the early Letters of William James a fine series of images of two golden and impetuous youths, whetting thought on thought, doubt on doubt, in an upper chamber. In the year 1866, when "Bill" was twenty-four and studying medicine, and "Wendle" twenty-five and studying law, they exchanged acute argument on materialism. A year later, when James had gone to Germany to pursue philosophy, and Holmes had been admitted to the bar, discussions of "our dilapidated old friend, the Kosmos," continued by letter—interspersed by affectionate reminiscence from James, of "your whitely lit-up room, drinking in your profound wisdom, your golden gibes, your costly imagery, listening to your shuddering laughter." "Don't you think you may be losing something that you may need in denying the Christian scheme?" James is said to have inquired. To which Holmes: "Don't you think you may be losing something in not accepting Mohammedanism?" A typical Yankee answer, by the way.

Holmes was looking, though he may not have realized it, for a personal philosophy that he could use as a raft from which to take the long, deep plunge into his legal-scholarly pursuits. It is typical —for his power of choice and exclusion, his economy of time and means are facets of his greatness —that he did not continue to flounder about in the philosophic waters, trying this system and that, cursing Jehovah and calling on his angels to save, but grasped the planks that he found near at hand and skilfully fitted them together into the aforementioned raft. Raft is too perishable a word. Holmes's philosophy was a tidy boat, formed for all its pointed nails of scepticism of sturdy Puritan oak; a ship-shape bark, in which he could cruise safely about the cosmos among the other worlds and the stars.

Every speech, every personal letter, every opinion of Oliver Wendell Holmes rests on this hardy and lucid doctrine. Divergent though it was from the philosophy of James—who continued his search for a solution that would fit the fate of Man in general, and for himself tended toward those supernatural revelations and consolations which Holmes's scepticism impatiently repudiated, the affectionate relation continued through life. And every distant interchange made the old philosophic quarrel flare up. The following statement of Holmes's "platform," happily preserved in the James's files—though written from the Supreme Court in 1901, after "reading your two pieces about pragmatism (pedantic name)" might as well have been written in 1875, or, if William James had lived, in 1926.

> It is as absurd [the Justice remarks, with familiar humility before an expert] for me to be spearing my old commonplaces at you as it would be for an outsider to instruct me in the theory of legal responsibility—but you see, mon vieux, although it is years since we have had any real talk together, I am rather obstinate in my adherence to ancient sympathies and enjoy letting out a little slack to you.
>
> I have been in the habit of saying that all I mean by truth is what I can't help thinking. The assumption of the validity of the thinking process seems to mean no more than that. But I have learned to surmise that my *can't helps* are not necessarily cosmic—philosophy seems to me generally speaking to sin through arrogance—I can't help preferring champagne to ditch water, but I doubt if the universe does. . . . The great act of faith is when a man decides that he is not God. . . . If I did come out of it (the universe) or rather if I am in it, I see no wonder that I can't swallow it. If it fixed my bounds, as it gives me my powers, I have nothing to say about its possibilities or characteristics, except that it is the kind of a thing (using this phraseology sceptically and under protest) that has me in its belly and so is bigger than I. It seems to me that my only promising activity is to make *my* universe coherent and livable, not to babble about *the* universe.

V

These passages define a consistent character. Judge Holmes has, at eighty-five, an intellectual youth that most men of forty cannot boast. He lives greatly in the brilliant young legal minds of today; believes that there are more men of promise in the present than in his own youth; receives their ideas with the courtesy, admiration and speculative curiosity accorded to honored guests. One of his favorite aphorisms is that the average life of an idea is fifteen years; another, that the literature of the past is a bore. Yet it is to be noted (since the laity persist in labeling him a radical) that, though he admires Proust and finds Nize Baby richly droll, he is more often to be seen, in that dignified Washington study of his, with a volume of eighteenth century memoirs in his hand than with a daily newspaper. His own universe, material, spiritual or in-

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tellectual, is not subject to perpetual revision. His economics, like his philosophy and his literary tastes, were pretty well settled in the twenties. The foundations of his legal thinking were laid in the thirties. His domestic happiness which continues unbroken to this day, was established at the age of thirty-one—fifty-four years ago. (Having just drawn Hobbes's Leviathan again from the Athenæum, he engaged himself to Miss Fanny Dixwell, of Cambridge, of whom William James said that she was "decidedly A 1, and—so far—the best girl I have known.")

Meanwhile he was taking his plunge into the deep waters of the law. In 1869, James comments that "Wendell" is working too hard, taking no vacation. In 1870 he assumes the editorship of The American Law Review. In 1873 appears his important edition of Kent's Commentaries, and in the same year he becomes a member of the firm of Shattuck, Holmes and Munroe. But he cannot have given much time to practice, for the years from thirty to forty were a period of intensive research: a time of lonely and original productivity, often hinted at in his speeches, when he learned "to lay his course by a star which he has never seen"; and, feeling around him "a black gulf of solitude more isolating than that which surrounds the dying man," learned also to trust his "own unshaken will." During these years, he offered his life to the law as completely as he had offered it to his country; and losing it, found it again in his classic Common Law, which dates an epoch in American legal history.

The chapters were written first, as a Boston classic should be, in the form of Lowell Lectures, and delivered in 1880. Published as a learned volume in 1881, the book was hailed by those competent to judge both in America and in England, as a great and even a prophetic work. "The law embodies the story of a nation's development through many centuries," we read at the outset, "and it cannot be dealt with as if it contained only the axioms and corollaries of a book of mathematics." "The life of the law has not been logic; it has been experience." Together with the legal essays published before and after in the journals of the period, the book established, as Dean Pound has pointed out, that "functional" and relative view of the law now generally accepted as replacing the anatomical and morphological. Jurisprudence had been considered a self-sufficient science, with traditions all but God-given. Holmes discovered, by following a "right" or some other legal symbol to its early source that the tradition was based often on some unreasoned survival that had lost all meaning. "The common law"—the phrase, from a later opinion, is famous—"is not a brooding omnipresence in the sky." Holmes emphasized the need of "thinking things rather than words." Pound says that he anticipated the teachers of today by thirty years or more. "The epigoni could easily forget whose armor they were wearing and whose weapons they were wielding."

The fame that resulted from the Common Law led to a professorship at the Harvard Law School, and before the same year 1882 was out, to an appointment to the Massachusetts Supreme Bench—"a stroke of lightning which changed all the course of my life." On this bench Holmes spent twenty fertile years, Associate Justice till 1899, Chief Justice till 1902. He managed his court with a practiced hand. But through these Boston years, as now, he wore an air of detachment which marked him, in his native town, with a kind of uncommonness, and so, in certain quarters, with a kind of suspicion. The "village" never queries its failures: Tom Blank is a queer duck, but he is the son of John Blank, the banker. Now Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., was never the son of the doctor. He was a peacock with shining plumage, he flew afield and consorted with famous English jurists, like Bryce and Sir Frederick Pollock. He climbed Alps with Leslie Stephen. He enjoyed free spirits, whether Back Bay Brahmins or Jews or Roman Catholic priests. He actually invited a labor leader to his home. (Said the man: "You have changed my feeling. I used to see an enemy in every house.") With women he had the ease and gaiety of a Parisian or a Viennese, and sought their company. He was impatient with dullness and long-windedness, suggesting, when Chief Justice, that the lawyers of the state would greatly oblige him by taking a course in risqué French novels and so learn to speak in innuendo rather than at length. Yet, all the while, he was more absorbed by the discoveries of his own mind than by the privileges or limitations of the world about him. The mind accompanied his tall and elegant figure, in Boston as elsewhere, a pervasive and sceptical presence at every feast.

VI

At a dinner given by the Boston Bar Association two years before the nomination of Oliver Wendell Holmes by Roosevelt to the Supreme Bench of the United States, the Chief Justice, in his responsive speech, asked himself what he had to show for this half lifetime that had passed—"I look into my book, in which I keep a docket of the decisions . . . which fall to me to write, and find about a thousand cases . . . many of them upon trifling or transitory matters. . . . A thousand cases! . . . when one would have liked to study to the bottom and to say his say on every question which the law ever presented. . . . We are lucky enough if we can give a sample of our best and if in our hearts we can feel that it has been nobly done."

This reads like a peroration: it was a prelude to the richest maturity of Holmes's life. Twenty-five more years on the Supreme Bench, a thousand more cases, and the Justice still on the firing line. Nearly half a century altogether that Holmes has been

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"living through," as judge, the wisdom whose foundations were laid before forty. The phrase is his partner Shattuck's, spoken in a moment when it seemed to Holmes, after many honors, that he had tasted the full feast of the law: "Now you must live it through." One may relate the words to a comment of Dean Wigmore that Justice Holmes is the only one of the long list of judges of the American Supreme Courts who framed for himself a system of legal truths and general truths of life, and composed his opinions in harmony with the system.

The system was flexible because at bottom it was an attitude of tolerance based on insight into the complexity of human affairs. It has done more than any system of orthodoxies to make the Supreme Court a tribunal, as Professor Felix Frankfurter has said, where inevitable frictions between the individual and society, between the expanding powers of the states and nation could be fought out, instead of a deistic chamber operating by scholastic formulæ. Holmes's wish has been ever to harmonize conflicting interests; to see where man's social desires come from, and where they are tending. (He maintains that the "little decisions" frequently reveal more of interstitial change in the tissue of the law than famous disputes about a telephone company.) Though he proceeds from the general to the particular, he repudiates finalities. Behind his generalizations are intuitions of reality.

Minority decisions have probably made Mr. Justice Holmes's reputation with the rank and file. Yet his famous dissents as well as his majority decisions have frequently run counter to his personal prejudice. "The decision of a gentleman," says a Boston friend. The decision of a poet would be equally true. For to Holmes a fire smoulders at the core of things which makes them forever plastic and mobile. Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose, says the French sceptic. Holmes feels that the universe may be "too great a swell to condescend to have a meaning," but he is bound to accept the temporary pattern. "The best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market. . . . Every year if not every day we have to wager our salvation upon some prophecy based upon imperfect knowledge." The Justice never refuses such a wager, but taking it up he uses his mind as guide rather than as dictator. His conservative critics cannot point to a single self-interested opinion. His best friends cannot boast that he has ever decided things their way. Indeed, President Roosevelt, who appointed him because he imagined Holmes "had the right ideas": i. e., T. R.'s, soon was taught a lesson in true judicial-mindedness by Holmes's dissent in Roosevelt's pet case against the Northern Securities merger.

Roosevelt used to urge young men to fight for *their* ideas. So did President Eliot, whose prejudices were the defect of his passion. Holmes the sceptic thinks one idea very like another, but Holmes the New Englander knows well the difference between one aim and another. So his counsel to young lawyers is: Do the handsome thing, young feller! Don't be content to be a lawyer, be a lawyer in the grand manner. If you are sailing an intellectual bark, prepare for rigors, and head for the Pole. Forget subjectivities, be a willing instrument. Wreak yourself upon life. "If you want to hit a bird on the wing, you must have all your will in a focus. . . . Every achievement is a bird on the wing." Key sentences which reveal a freedom from passion that has made the ideal judicial temper.

VII

A judge of the federal bench tells of driving with Justice Holmes to the Capitol one morning some years ago, in that neat brougham drawn by a fat cob, with a highly respectable colored coachman on the box, in which Holmes used to be recognized on the Washington streets. The Justice had got out of the carriage and was striding off, vigorous and loose limbed, toward the dome when the younger man called out humorously: "Do justice, sir!" Holmes wheeled: "Come here young feller!" and then, "I am not here to do justice. I am here to play the game according to the rules. When I was at the bar and Lowell used to beat, I'd say to him 'Judge, your result may be good, but it's another game I undertook to play. I gave you a thrust in tierce and you countered with a bag of potatoes over my head.' "

When in some summer hour of ease in his home at Beverly Farms on the Massachusetts shore—an unpretentious Victorian house, with a gravel drive and formal flower beds set with cannas and geraniums—he turns to Pepys's Diary—"This and Walpole's Letters are the two books if you don't want ideas, and don't want to waste your time"—he looks misty at the duel of two friends who fought for love. When he finds himself in the dentist's chair he recalls that fear of pain and rattling musketry which only the brave admit preceded the attack. His intimate talk still breaks into Civil War slang—"Shut your trap!"—his speeches and letters are full of war metaphors and allusions to this past which he says he "cannot bear to read about," perhaps because his remembered picture is too final to bear the intervention of historians, who describe how Sherman kept Lincoln waiting, and why great battles failed. Writing to Henry James, he is "firing away at high pressure with breech-loading speed." In a speech: "When once the dead fifers of thirty years since begin to play in my head, the laws are silent." In another: "Life is a roar of bargain and battle, but in the very heart of it there rises a mystical spiritual tone—it transmutes the dull details into romance. It reminds us that our only but wholly adequate significance is as parts of the unimaginable whole."

This seasoned judge, this gallant gentleman of the old New England is the most romantic of con-

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temporary Americans. He starts off for the court every morning at 11:30 as if on an errand for the gods—whereas he is to listen to argument from 12 to 2; lunch from 2 to 2:30; sit again from 2:30 to 4:30. Judge Cardozo has used, of his sentences, the word "phosphorescence." Always Holmes gives out light. When he returns from the court to the sober dignity of his old house on I Street —formerly it was on foot; now the Chief Justice is likely to drive him a part of the distance; but who can be sure that, disdaining his elevator, he will not still take his stairs two steps at a time?—he will be able, with the young secretary who guards the book-lined antechamber of his library, with the visitor, to search thought and make it glow. The secretary —a new jewel of the Harvard Law School every year—wears an exalted air. He must promise not to get engaged during the period. "But I reserve the right," says the Justice with a twinkle, "to die or resign." With this young mind the Justice twists the tail of the still recalcitrant cosmos, engages in legal disputation, reads his opinions for criticism as modestly as if he were a novice. Sometimes but rarely there is a point of law to look up. For Holmes carries the law in his head, as an Indian carries the legends of his people, or a prophet the words of the Lord. And the Justice, in his own fine and ornamental script, answers every personal letter scrupulously, almost within the hour. "My messenger is waiting." Off it goes. The eye that falls upon the delicate missive in the cheap plethora of the morning mail has found treasure. Every page has some metaphysical touchstone, some literary epigram or casual heresy. "When I die the Great Panjandrum may say, 'Holmes, why haven't you read Thucydides?'" "I must read Twelfth Night once more—a little girl tells me Shakespeare is long in getting to the point. I think we take ourselves too seriously."

Mr. Justice Holmes, who has permanently enriched our law, our literature, our philosophy—of whom another distinguished judge has said: "There is Holmes—and there are all the other judges"—takes himself far less seriously than any good Rotarian. That blithe nonchalance, that true humbleness in the face of acknowledged human vanities seems to his friends a part of his unerring taste. But it provokes distrust in those who need the support of the rolling platitudes of the Fathers. Holmes bears his critics no grudge. His courtesy to his fellows, like his generosity, is basic, and he has an innocent heart. When one sees his gracious figure outlined against his bookshelves full of classics, with their spaces for the books the Lord will omit mentioning and their gaps for the books of the future, one is struck by its unquenchable youth. The face has a fine fresh color. The voice, with its humorous vain echo of hesitation—mmm—that seems to set off the sparks in the eyes, has clarity and fervor. Maliciously it expunges the name of a popular New England poet from the slate of time, honestly it admits that gentlemen prefer blondes. But it will never allow our modern American idol, publicity, a niche in this hospitable library. If glory is here she is hidden, diffused into a clear serenity, a scent of tender memory, a vital intellectual replenishment.

Yet do not think of Oliver Wendell Holmes as meagrely recompensed. He has found it well, he says, to have philosophy "the main wind of his life blowing from the side, instead of from behind." He has had his reward in the inspired performance of a daily task, in the constant siege of the eternal verities. Holmes was an infantry officer, at Ball's Bluff, but in the field of ideas he belongs to an arm more mobile. I see him as a light horseman, a fabulous skirmisher, a cavalier for all his "cold Puritan passion" who carries a pennon as well as a lance, and with it "that little flutter which means ideals."

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

(Editor's note: This is one of a series of articles in which Miss Sergeant is discussing interesting contemporary Americans.)

At a Concert of Music

Be still, while the music rises about us: the deep enchantment
Towers, like a forest of singing leaves and birds,
Built for an instant by the heart's troubled beating,
Beyond all power of words.

And while you are silent, listening, I escape you,
And I run, by a secret path, through that bright wood
To another time, forgotten, and another woman,
And another mood.

Then, too, the music's pure algebra of enchantment
Wrought all about us a bird-voice-haunted grove.
Then, too, I escaped, as now, to an earlier moment
And a brighter love.

Alas! Can I never have peace in the shining instant?
The hard bright crystal of being, in time and space?
Must I always touch, in the moment, a remembered moment,
A remembered face?

Absolve me: I would adore you, had I the secret,
With all this music's power, for yourself alone:
I would try to answer, in the world's chaotic symphony,
Your one clear tone:

But alas, alas, being everything you are nothing;
The history of all my life is in your face;
And all I can grasp is an earlier, more haunted moment,
And a happier place.

CONRAD AIKEN.

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Mussolini vs. Fascism

TWO years ago Benito Mussolini had climbed to a position of great power. King Victor Emanuel's stunted body continued to sit uncomfortably upon specially heightened seats in royal coaches and palaces, but the regal gesture had withered into atrophy as permanent and as grotesque as that of the regal person. Victor was forced to play roi faineant to a maître du palais who had usurped all his prerogatives, was obliged —knowing protest useless and realizing that a successful revolution would carry away the crown with the interloper—to be obsequious to an untitled nobody who had become a species of first consul with imperial manners. The Italian people rested snugly in the hollow of Mussolini's right hand. The leaders of the Fascist revolution prostrated themselves abjectly before him. He seemed to have reached the highest level of grandeur a man can attain.

But now he has scaled a mundane Olympus. He has removed the single obstacle in his path and has become a combination of absolute dictator and godhead of a religiose political cult. The obstacle was the ladder he had climbed to reach his pinnacle, the Fascist doctrine and movement. With Fascism existing, he could be no more than a leader, a man among men; he could not be supreme. Nor could he be safe.

Mussolini is an Italian, one who knows his fellow-countrymen and has delved deeply into the pages of their history. Friends, he knows, are as dangerous as enemies; no one can be trusted; allies must be crushed before they crush you. And his experience as leader of Fascism confirmed what he had realized intuitively or learned from Machiavelli.

Hence, he has signed the death warrant of Fascism, quietly and unostentatiously as the great Florentine historian would have done.

Quite without the knowledge of the world at large, a decadence of Fascism has for two years coincided with the growth of a Mussolinian cult. Their apparent identity, taken generally for granted, has hidden a slow process of dissociation which has terminated with the reduction of Fascism to an empty although stentorian echo of Mussolinianism. Now, in the régime's fifth year, the Mussolinian dictatorship completely replaces the Fascist oligarchy. The Duce is responsible neither to his followers nor to the King, nor even to "his" people.

The cleavage between Fascism and Mussolinianism began in the winter of 1924. Between the "march on Rome" of October, 1922, and the murder of the Socialist Deputy Matteotti in June, 1924, Fascism had evolved from a surgical, revolutionary *method,* brought into being as a means of coping with disturbed conditions of the moment, into a hierarchical oligarchical system of state organization, planned as a permanent mechanism for solving pressing national problems and as a lasting answer to Italy's peculiar political needs. Mussolini, leader of a successful revolution, became prime mover of doctrinal innovations, patron of constitutional reforms and godfather of a new type of state.

Suddenly, the murder of Fascism's bravest and most popular opponent rocked the régime with earthquake force. Everything toppled. Hundreds of thousands of previously faithful Fascists, fearing downfall of the régime, deserted it in panic-stricken stampede. Enemies, profiting by their defection, mounted heavy guns of scathing, merciless criticism and kept up a violent barrage for several months.

First frightened, then embittered and finally instructed by the spectacle of treason and calumny, Mussolini understood clearly for the first time since his advent to power the insecurity of his position: as leader of Fascism, he was constantly in danger of being crushed between enemies and false friends.

Therefore, when the shock of the débâcle had been weathered and Fascism could don again its bold face, Mussolini started systematically to protect himself. First, he used as allies in a campaign of extirpation against the régime's enemies the shamefaced deserters who had scurried back to his camp. To the anti-Fascists, for a year—all of 1925 from the famous speech of January 3 until the resignation of Roberto Farinacci, the special inquisitioner—he meted out ruthless "discipline," resulting finally in the collapse of all organized opposition. From this campaign, Fascism gained tightened ranks and its leader strengthened respect and control.

The breach within the Fascist movement was healed, but a gulf began imperceptibly to widen between it and its leader. Using the Machiavellian method of exploiting a lesser enemy against a greater, Mussolini was biding his time, awaiting a propitious moment to strike at the danger within his own camp. Caprice and vindictiveness played but small rôles in his decision to root out that danger by betraying all his followers, regardless of their conduct during the emergency.

Temperamentally, Mussolini could not forget or forgive. Fascism was a mere phrase, unimportant compared with the sanctity of self and mission to a man who is, of course, a megalomaniac. As leader of a military-revolution movement, relying above all upon secure discipline in the face of danger, he did not dare believe so serious a flaw as had been manifested could be remedied. As Mussolini, he could see no more urgent necessity than protecting himself at any cost.

Two courses lay open: to purge Fascism or to destroy it. Both meant abandonment of the directive for the dictatorial rôle. He took a middle course, that of helping Fascism destroy itself by handling his power in such a fashion as to make

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it voluntarily canalize its vitality into a Mussolinian cult. Allowing his associates to elaborate and put into effect a Nationalist-Fascist centralized organization, harnessing securely to the yoke of the state every force in the nation and legally removing from the people every right to liberty and autonomy; encouraging, moreover, the same type of omnipotently centralized control within the Fascist party, Mussolini quietly set out towards absolute dictatorship by gradually narrowing the circle of friends aiding him in controlling state and party and by reducing their responsibility. In the spring of 1926, the Fascist party-state had become one of the most powerful oligarchies in history; Mussolini was not yet supreme.

Then he proceeded to shear its fleece. Two converging campaigns led to the ultimate goal: first, the transformation of Fascist faith into personal faith in Mussolini; second, the emasculation of the oligarchy.

The Duce launched his imperialistic policy.

I alone have made Italy strong and respected, he told the people. Now, I alone shall make Italy the great nation she must and can be. Help me alone and Italy shall be great. Obey me alone and I shall make Italy a great empire whose vast colonies will solve all your material problems. Have faith in me alone. Be led only by me. Fascism—c'est moi.

This pronouncement, in countless forms, was kept constantly before the people until they not only believed it, but became intoxicated with the imminence of their prosperity and strength.

Understanding Italian mentality as no other man has, Mussolini exploited it. Realizing that no wine is more delicious to a long impotent people than a promise of power, he plied the people unceasingly with it. Every dream, every hope, every desire of every true Fascist and nationalist was captured and held. Fascism's terminology seemed drab, its ideals cheap and sickly compared with the new aims. Everything was engulfed in Mussolini's triumphant imperialism.

The Duce walked among his people, made triumphal voyages to provinces and colonies, invented and wore gorgeous uniforms, presided over carefully arranged colossal demonstrations and by hundreds of tricks kept himself in the public eye and mind. Everywhere, always, he delivered the message: "If you have faith in me, I shall make you great and prosperous."

In six months, all the energies of Fascism, all the ideals of its doctrines, all the compactness and discipline of the party have become minor attributes of the Mussolinian cult. Only his voice can command silence. When others speak, his name must liberally sprinkle their words.

The Fascist oligarchy has been dealt with more summarily. One by one its most pretentious members, like Farinacci, have been replaced by cat's-paws. Others have been reduced to impotence by the threat of oblivion. Some have been bought off by satisfying personal ambitions, not too elaborate in nature. All have been transformed into tools of Mussolinianism rather than of Fascism. Only one man with true strength remains, Federzoni, who is too useful as a disciplinarian weapon to be discarded.

The hierarchy is a fiction. Direct personal responsibility to the Dictator from every part and level of the hierarchy replaces interlocking responsibilities between the various levels, mounting from base to apex. Which of course means no hierarchy at all since there is no string of control of any sort which does not hook up to the Duce's desk. To maintain security and solidity in the structure of the Mussolinian edifice, the Dictator does not rely upon faith alone. An elaborate secret machinery exists, a system which would have aroused Metternich's envy and which is handled exclusively by Federzoni under Mussolini's watchful eye.

The Duce has played his hand so well that millions of Italians believe him when he says, as he often does, that he is not a tyrant or dictator, but the servant of the people. Yet if he is their servant, he has served them badly, for his imperialism is an impasse and his promise of speedy prosperity a delusion for which Italy may pay dearly after his death, if not before. Not even Mussolini has gone so far as to aver that Italy has the strength and resources to become a "first class power" in this generation. That such a position should be hers through moral and historical right has been his contention. But specious distinction between "right to have" and "ability to obtain" are foreign to the emotional surge of a nationalistic awakening. Italy sees her inferior rank among the nations as an injustice which she can and will remedy at an opportune moment by a tour de force.

Such a gesture, obviously foredoomed to failure, would spell suicide, would postpone true progress indefinitely. From the Duce, Italy will accept innumerable delays in the advent of her great day, but he alone can both nurse and keep in check the chauvinism he has created.

Imperialism, besides being fraught with dangers, aggravates the nation's basic problem, the discrepancy between growing population and lack of raw materials. Steady, unchecked growth of man power renders acute the need for foodstuffs of which domestic agriculture does not produce an adequate quantity and for raw material, particularly coal and iron, which she does not have. Emigration outlets are shut. Families are large and the idea of birth limitation makes little headway—unaided by official patronage—against ignorance and religious prejudices.

Fascism resigned itself at first to palliative measures, searching for and exploiting domestic raw materials and aiding the farmer to increase grain yields. Disposition of some of the excess population was sought by scientific methods of internal migration and by the use of reclaimed wastelands.

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This inward-looking, farsighted nationalism was having excellent results when Mussolini decided upon imperialism.

One of his first steps was to launch a campaign of official encouragement of prolificity. Excess population, the curse of Italy and source of her poverty-stricken weakness, became overnight by the touch of the Duce's magic wand, a blessing. Men would be needed in war to win and hold an empire or as colonists to populate it. Colonies would furnish raw materials.

His reasoning might be excellent if Mussolini were sure of getting colonies and if those he obtained were rich and exploitable. But if, despite his threats and cajolings, despite all his diplomatic blustering, he does not succeed in driving any bargain for them, no successor will be able to do so. Italian diplomacy depends upon his personality and bag of tricks. Imperialism is nothing more than a recruiting formula for Mussolinianism. Without him, its true weakness would appear. His successor would face a profoundly disillusioned and embittered people whose material problems, despite all their good will and work, would be graver than ever.

Mussolini, distrusting his fellow men and thinking of his own safety, building for himself today and not for Italy tomorrow, told his nation: "The Italian people needs to be led, not educated." And they allow themselves to be led, following the Duce as their ancestors followed Count X or Duke Y for personal safety, for the satisfaction of personal interest, because they are dazzled by the spangles on his uniform, because their wives and children need bread, because they cannot resist martial music, because they want to be on the strong side. As they rushed from Socialism to Fascism in 1922, out of and back into Fascism in 1924 and finally into Mussolinianism, so will they rush into something else.

Mussolini is doing everything in his power to deny to the people exactly the type of self-training and moral education they most need. He has torn up genuine unity and that which remains, being superimposed on the people instead of coming from within, is worthless. Each Fascist had learned for a time to be faithful to an idea, an ideal within himself, unity was a total of willing coöperating parts, of living cells: each Mussolinian is faithful to the ruler of the moment, who happens to be Mussolini. The Duce can count on such unity, but Italy cannot. While he lives there will be more Matteotti aftermaths or Caporettos. But afterward, if the Mussolinian edifice crumbles as it surely must at the first serious crisis, how will his successors save their powers except by a desperate attempt to perpetuate unity where it was created, on the battlefield?

Someone has said: "Mussolini's death would be as tragic as Serajevo." Only those who know Mussolinian Italy can understand.

Rome. PETER BROOKLYN.

Mrs. Hall

A WOMAN in the late fifties, with heavy features and a skin the color and texture of clay, sitting day in and day out under the stare of two hundred unmerciful eyes. A woman whose hands stay quietly folded in her lap, whose expression of tired irony never changes. The dark grooves slashing down across her cheeks may as the days pass have deepened a trifle, the smouldering resentment of the eyes have become a trifle more apparent, but the line of the mouth never alters. It remains just as firm, just as ironically amused, just as sad.

She could never be called a handsome woman, Mrs. Frances Noel Stevens Hall, but neither is she forbidding. The receding chin, the aquiline nose, the deep-set, intelligent eyes remind one a little of those rows of marble heads of Roman matrons in the Terme or Capitoline in Rome. There, too, terrific pride and the stubborn egoism which is usually and quite mistakenly called will-power, predominate.

One of her closest friends said of her that she was the last woman in New Brunswick to give up wearing flannel petticoats. Among Episcopalian church women, it seems, flannel petticoats stand for something more than warmth; they symbolize respectability and Mrs. Hall is eminently that. She dresses in the substantial, unostentatious fashion common to women of her type, scorning anything fancy or smart. She scorns jewels. For a different reason she scorns a veil, though it would protect her somewhat from the impudent stare of the reporters she despises and the sneering insolence of the man she hates, Simpson.

On August 15, just after Willie Stevens's arrest for the murder of Mrs. Eleanor Mills on September 14, 1922, she wrote to her brother Henry Stevens. She did not write him after her own arrest, but only after Willie's.

> Perhaps you have seen by the papers that Willie has been arrested. Willie has been so incensed at you for not coming up instantly when you heard of my arrest that he at once said when they came for him, "Don't send word to Henry. He would not come near me."
>
> I admit I have been greatly embarrassed by the many questions of why you have not been here. I would not say his wife would not let him come. It would have been too much of a slap at Ethel's intelligence and at your affection and loyalty to your family. I have put it off and said, "Henry has written."
>
> It was terrific when they took Willie, but he has been brave and fine and we are all proud of him. Arthur [Carpender] is fine and has taken Willie in charge and does everything to make him look as well as possible . . . the men are all proud of Willie and say he is a brave gentleman . . . he is a fine fellow and you can take off your hat to him.
>
> Lovingly, your sister, Frances Hall.

There is little doubt that Mrs. Hall knew of

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the goings-on of her nincompoop husband with Eleanor Mills. She had to sit through innumerable church suppers and Hallowe'en parties and watch him ogle Eleanor and hear the whispers of the females of the various guilds in her husband's church. One night Mr. Hall tried to make her sit beside Eleanor in the same car on the way to a church supper. Mrs. Hall refused without comment; she went in another car, allowing Mr. Hall to pinch his Eleanor's arm to his heart's content without fear of being noticed.

Not a word of the disgust and shame she must have felt did she utter to a soul, not even to Willie. Her thoughts she kept very quietly to herself.

We get no satisfactory glimpse of her the night of the murder. She was apparently anxious about him, but nothing has appeared in the court record, or in the various interviews, which might enable one to do more than guess at her feelings. The first definite glimpse we have is next morning when Jimmy Mills went to church and found her there, puttering about in the rector's study.

Jimmy's recital of their conversation is not unilluminating. Mrs. Hall was the first to speak. She uttered a conventional good-morning, and Jimmy returned the salutation in his most correct manner.

"Is there any illness at your house, Mr. Mills?" she asked presently. Jimmy, being an unobservant, inarticulate soul if there ever was one, could not definitely say whether she was agitated as she put the question; he replied obediently that there was no sickness at his house, and then paused, waiting for her to break through the barrier of reserve.

Mr. Hall, she told him, had not been home all night. Another pause. Presently Jimmy, unable to maintain the amenities any longer, burst out with: "Do you suppose they've eloped?" thereby voicing what was, he naïvely confessed, the thought uppermost in his little mind.

"No," said Mrs. Hall. "Something has happened, or Mr. Hall would have come home."

Next we find her telephoning the police station to find out if any "casualties" were reported during the night. Not any specific casualty, mind you, but the guarded plural. She did not give the police her name. For fear of being implicated in the murder? Possibly. Yet women of Mrs. Hall's kind are more afraid of scandal than of the devil, and even at that time she felt contempt for the police.

At noon she ran over to the Mills house, casting reticence behind her. There was no need, now that she knew the janitor's wife was playing truant, too, to conceal from Jimmy her fears. So she ran up the back stoop and asked Jimmy if he had heard anything. He hadn't, and she went away.

In the afternoon she remembered that Mr. Hall was due for a choir rehearsal at the church. She called Mrs. Storer, the organist, on the telephone, to say he wouldn't be there. Mrs. Storer, being a warm friend of the family, was moved to inquire, Was Mr. Hall ill by any chance?

"No," said Mrs. Hall, "he has gone out of town," and hurriedly rang off. And at eight o'clock in the evening she was sitting in a wicker chair on the front porch darning Willie's socks, when Jimmy Mills came running up. Jimmy was beside himself with fright. "Mrs. Hall," he cried, "I must see you because I don't know what to make of this."

She suggested that perhaps Eleanor had gone to New York to see about her teeth. She was aware —how she was aware, God knows—that Eleanor was having her teeth fixed in New York and she tactfully suggested that this might be the reason for her absence. But Jimmy, give him credit for so much intelligence, wasn't to be put off with such kindly foolishness: he blurted out that something must be wrong.

Mrs. Hall put down her darning and looked at him. "They must be dead," she said, "or they'd come home."

Then ended normal conventional existence for a woman whom a third-rate clergyman of a second-rate parish had married for money. Then began an existence which for a person of her type must have been only the worst sort of torture. In an instant her flannel petticoats were torn off her and, except for a brief interlude of oblivion abroad, she has been fair game for every sob sister of the tabloids and every sneering innuendo of the little Simpson.

The world is aware how she has taken the inquiries, the photographers, the reporters, the blaze of publicity, the arrest of herself and of her brothers, the trial. Her calm, except when the prosecutor has hinted that Willie was the bastard child of a mulatto, has been so perfect that she is generally supposed to be "inhuman" and "cold"—an impression which, it must be confessed, her photographs have done a good deal to support. But she has realized that herself; she made a particular trip to Princeton in order to be photographed as she desired in order to have the world see her as a less forbidding woman. "I'm not cold or forbidding, really," she told reporters.

If she is acquitted, Mrs. Hall wants to go back to Italy. She loves Italy. Most of all she loves Venice. It is in Venice that she hopes to live out the rest of her life.

It is not easy to picture her in the still, enervating decay of Venetian palazzi, idling over a vermouth-amaro-seltz at Florian's or watching the shadows slant out across the spaces of the Piazza from the baroque glitter of Saint Marks' façade. The eternal stillness of the lagoons, the beauty of decay and Mrs. Hall—somehow they are too incongruous to be credible.

But then, for Mrs. Hall to be sitting in a crowded, inquisitive courtroom, never once flinching from the horror of her position, never once surrendering the least particle of her respectability, but only growing a little more tired day by day, is not so very credible, either.

H. C. Coxe.

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Toward a Universal Man

SHORTLY after his twentieth birthday, Paul Valéry came to Paris. It was during the autumn of 1892, when the Symbolist movement was at its height, and when poets were struggling desperately and diversely to renew the vigor of French verse. "More fervor, courage and learning," he says; "more researches into theory, more disputes and a more pious attention have rarely been devoted, in so short a time, to the problem of pure beauty." Into these struggles Valéry entered; a few of his poems were published in the Symbolist reviews; and Mallarmé, the leader of the movement, became his close friend.

His early poems attracted the attention of the few people who have the power of making and unmaking literary reputations. A brilliant career was predicted for him. However, since a literary career in France has its own conditions and aims, I had better stop to give a definition. The poet who will later be successful begins by experiment and rebellion. People are shocked by his boldness, then commence to enjoy it. Slowly a public is formed for his work, and reacts on the poet by insensible degrees—making him more conservative or conservatively daring, restricting his aims to writing and being praised. Now that the pursuit of literary honors has become an obsession, he ventures into prose to make his public larger. He begins to aspire to the Academy, makes propitiatory visits to its members, and finally, at the age of sixty, he is elected; becoming a member of the official hierarchy, officially immortal. His financial success may be relatively small—equal only to that of third-rate British or American authors—but in point of fame, his rewards are infinitely greater than theirs. . . . Such was the consecrated road, with enough difficulties to make the journey interesting, which stretched in front of Valéry; and such was the goal from which he turned aside, only to reach it incidentally, in his pursuit of more permanent honors.

I am not trying to sketch his biography, something which demands a different treatment. I am only attempting to explain the significance of one of the most remarkable careers in the history of European letters; and in this career the most important event was his ceasing to write, in order to devote himself to more essential aims. Imagine the situation. A young man who has conceived the ideal of pure poetry, and in some of his poems has approached this ultimate goal, turns slowly away from what had been his interests. He studies, seeks for a fundamental attitude underlying all the operations of the mind, and tries to develop his own mind as an instrument of precision. All his values, and not his alone, are transformed. His notes and observations on his reading, which may never be published, become his real life-work. And when he begins once more to write for publication, after a silence of twenty years, literature no longer exists for him as an end in itself or a means of earning praise; it is simply a form of mental exercise, to be valued because it is difficult. His primary object has become a defense of the conscious mind.

It was in 1917 that Valéry published La Jeune Parque, and other poems followed in fairly rapid succession. Each was limited to an edition of a thousand copies or less. The literary world, however, was beginning once more to speak of him; and in answering one of those questionnaires to which French magazines turn when they can think of nothing else to fill their pages, the French poets named him as the most distinguished of their number. The choice caused some sensation, for Valéry was still unknown to the great public; and he so remained, in great part, till his election to the Academy. The chair he was given was that of Anatole France—a curious commentary on the changing literary ideals of two generations.

Since then he has undergone something like an apotheosis. It began with the publication of Variety, the first of his books to appear in a popular edition. This volume of essays had an astonishing circulation; my own copy belongs to the twenty-fifth printing, and others have since been made. The critics tried their hands at him, and I should estimate that over a hundred times as much has been written about Valéry as he himself has written. He is compared to Baudelaire and Racine, to Pascal, Bossuet, Descartes, Montaigne; indeed, to almost every French writer of genius. In other countries, Germany and Italy most of all, his works are widely read, explained, translated; and his reputation has spread over all the Continent. I don't know how many times I have heard him described as the greatest (or the only great) contemporary writer. Meanwhile he remains unchanged: thinking a great deal, writing a little, publishing after long delays, and compromising with his public not in the least.

I met him in 1923, and we talked about his work. Having forgotten his exact words, I shall have to be content with repeating the notes I made the following day, while the conversation still was fresh in my mind. "He writes poems," I observed, "as a laboratory experiment in thought. He obeys the conventions of verse as if he were following the rules of a certain game. He would not violate the laws of chess or tennis and substitute new regulations of his own. . . . People tell him, 'You write in a given manner, therefore you are a classicist.' Not in the least; he is simply a person. His poems exist independently of this person, and are not necessarily an expression of himself. . . . He has experimented all his life. Now, after the classical

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and perfect verses he has lately published, if he should write something 'modern,' his admirers would be surprised; but such a change would be in no way alien to his nature."

These notes will help to explain some of the opinions he advances in his essays. As for the essays themselves, they deal with themes which were none of his choosing; he accepted the assigned subjects in the spirit of the game. At this point, fortunately, I can quote from the prefatory remarks:

> Each of these essays . . . is the result of a circumstance; there is not one which the author would have written spontaneously. Their subjects were not of his choice; even their length was sometimes *given*. Almost always surprised, at the beginning of his work, by finding himself involved in an unaccustomed order of ideas . . . he was obliged, each time, to recover the natural direction of his thought. All the unity of this Variety resides in that one gesture.

Three observations on what this note implies. The first is that these alien, these *given* subjects serve better than deliberately chosen themes to show the operations of a mind which is a magnificent instrument. Valéry is not alone in possessing an "instrumental" mind. In our stage of civilization we find numbers of men who can solve any problem set them, but cannot set themselves problems. They lack direction. Independence they also lack, since their careers are determined by outside influences—the books they are asked to write, the formulæ they are asked to discover, the portraits they are asked to paint, the trades to which they are apprenticed. If the objects set them are unworthy, their minds deteriorate, and in a period of idleness will rust as quickly as a piece of complicated machinery left standing in the rain. . . . But Valéry alone has discovered a solution: that is, by making the instrumentality of his mind an end in itself, by seeking continually to develop and protect it, he has recovered his independence.

The second observation is that the "natural direction of his thought," which he tries to recover, has led him in most cases to transform the subject completely. Always he seeks to carry his ideas to their limit; to discover something "more intense or more exact than the given thing." As a result his titles are too modest. Adonis, for example—an essay which sets out to deal with an early poem of La Fontaine—is soon transformed into a general defense of the laws of verse. His Tribute to Marcel Proust is a discussion of the novel under its broadest conditions; and often in his essays on Pascal and Poe's Eureka he touches on our fundamental attitudes to the universe.

Finally we can say that, for Valéry's readers, the unity of this Variety is more fundamental than the author concedes. It resides in the essential unity of his thought, whatever the subjects on which that thought is exercised. From the two introductory letters, which are a general exposition of his ideas, to the profound analysis of Leonardo da Vinci with which the volume closes, everything is directed toward a defense of the intellect, of the conscious mind. It has need of defenders in our time. Against Freudianism, for example; not in its legitimate applications, but in its literary aspects, where it results in the notion that poems are comparable in every respect with dreams. Against the Surrealists. Against that school of writers led by Anderson and Lawrence which counsels drift and surrender to our instincts. Against the metaphysics of Behaviorism. Against the sociological theory of art—that it is determined entirely by social and economic factors; add x to y and Shakespeare is the result. Against determinisms in general. Against Spengler's idea that, ours being a declining civilization, we have nothing left but to sail ships and make ourselves millionaires. I may be mistaken in grouping these diverse theories, attitudes and cults, but it seems to me that they represent a pretty general attack on the freedom of the intellect; and they lead us to believe that our culture, the creation of the European mind, has suddenly turned against its own creator.

But among all the enemies of conscious thought, it is specialization which is the most paralyzing. It leads to the belief that a real gulf exists between the different activities of the mind: as, for example, between the arts and the sciences. By confining even the great talents to one side or the other of this gulf, it limits the possible progress in both fields of endeavor. Moreover a specialization, any specialization, becomes a fixed idea, which is a form of hypnosis. And it leads, says Valéry, to a confusion between "the patient observer, the meticulous accountant of existence . . . and the man for whom this labor is performed, the poet of the hypothesis, the builder with analytical materials. To the first, patience, monotonous direction, specialization and all time. The absence of thought is his quality. But the second must circulate through barriers and partitions. His rôle is to overstep them. . . . Nine times out of ten, every great improvement in a field of activity is obtained by the introduction of alien and unexpected methods and notions."

In his magnificent essay on the method of Leonardo, he searches for "a central attitude from which all the enterprises of learning or science and all the operations of art are equally possible." He analyzes the mind of a man who discovered this central attitude. Technically the portrait is one of Leonardo, a man of the Renaissance. Actually it is an ideal to be pursued by our own generation—and one toward which we have been slowly progressing during the twenty years since this essay was first published. The sciences, instead of being further complicated, are tending to become simplified through the discovery of central principles; physics is merging into chemistry and chemistry into biology; the artists are studying the conclusions of

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physicists, mathematicians, psychologists; and it is not impossible that a new Leonardo will arise to include the whole field of intellectual activity in his scope—leaving his theories to guide the methods of every science, and his works as a model for every art.

The universal man. . . . This is the ideal which Valéry has given our generation, and it explains why his essays are held in such respect. It also explains why they are read so widely, in spite of his being a rather difficult author. The same remark applies to him which he made of Montaigne and Bossuet: "They do not fear the reader; they measure neither his labor nor their own." And Valéry's readers, like himself, will be surprised "by finding themselves involved in an unaccustomed order of ideas, and placed brusquely in some unexpected state of mind."

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Good News for Sinners

(*A Buchmanite Speaks*)

Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, "Soul Surgeon," and the bane of many a college campus (he has been excluded from Princeton University by order of President Hibben), carries on his evangelism largely by personal and accusatory interviews with sinners. He sometimes employs the method of conferences, disguised under the selling-name of "house-parties," at which young converts of both sexes proclaim their secret vices publicly—a practice referred to by the initiate as "washing out." The author of the following monologue, though not himself a Buchmanite, hopes that he has sufficiently presented the case for the cult.

FELLOWS, I want to say a few words to you tonight about something that's really darn serious. I mean it's more or less been on my mind quite a while, and it's meant a lot to me, and I want to tell you fellows, if I can, just what it means to me. I've got something darn serious here to put across to you fellows, and I want to *put* it across.

You know, fellows, I used to think all this talk about religion was just a lot of bunk. Well, fellows, I'll tell you frankly, maybe a lot of it is. Maybe what I'm going to tell you about isn't religion at all—you'll just have to decide that for yourselves, when you hear what it's all about. Fellows, what I'm going to tell you about this evening is sort of a personal experience. I'm going to tell you what Frank Buchman did for me.

I don't know what you fellows think you're in college for. I know, in my own case, I never thought very much about it—that is, not till just lately. Of course I realized as I hope you fellows realize that I was darn lucky to be here, and I certainly thought it would be great to be on the football team. Well, fellows, I had a lot of luck and I certainly am proud of being on the team with such a lot of fine fellows. It's meant a lot to me, and I certainly appreciate the honor. But that's not what I want to talk to you about tonight. Fellows, I want to tell you about how the spirit of Jesus was born in me.

Well, about a month ago, Frank Buchman came down here. Some of you fellows here tonight know him, and some of you perhaps have never heard of him—Frank Buchman. Well, fellows, he helped me more than any man I've ever met in my life. All I hope is that every fellow here tonight will meet him some time, and have him help *you*.

Well, this is how it happened. My room-mate had happened to have met this man Buchman, and he wanted me to meet him. Well, finally, just as a sort of a favor to him and more or less out of curiosity, I decided to go and see this man Frank Buchman. Well, fellows, I certainly didn't know what I was getting in for. Fellows—it was the turning point in my whole life.

Well, there seemed to be a quite a lot of fellows waiting to see this man Frank Buchman, and I had to wait quite a while. While I was sitting there waiting, the fellows ahead of me kept going in, and then after a while they'd come out again, and when they came out, it seemed to me they all had kind of a queer look on their face. I guess maybe I had a kind of a queer look myself when I came out. Well, finally it was my turn. Well, I went into this room and we sat down, and he asked me to tell him about myself. Well, you know, I guess everybody likes to talk about themselves, and before you know it I'd told him my whole life history. Well, so then he asked me if I was happy. Fellows, that was quite a surprise to me. To tell you the truth, I'd never thought very much about it. I guess I was mostly too busy having a good time. But as soon as he asked me that question, I suddenly began to think.

Here I was, I'd always had pretty good luck, I guess, and I'd usually gotten just about what I went out for. Well, there was a lot of competition for the freshman team, and I didn't think I'd have a prayer, but I worked for it, and I made it; and sophomore year I made the varsity, and then I was sort of prominent, I guess, and then I happened to get elected to Sigma Sigma, and then finally the Senior Council. Well, frankly, fellows, between you and I, I thought that ought to satisfy anybody, but no, by golly, it *didn't* satisfy me. Fellows, I wasn't happy. So I told him. And then he asked me what was the trouble.

Well, fellows, that just about stumped me. I didn't know what to say. And then he asked me another question. Well, I'd rather not repeat that question right out here. Fellows, it was a straight question, and I certainly was glad I could give him a straight answer. But then he asked me another question, and fellows, I couldn't say "no" to that. It came awful hard, but fellows, I had to answer that question. It was just about the hardest thing I ever did, but I've never lied to anybody in my life, I guess. So I told him. And as soon as I'd told him, I began to see what he was driving at, and the whole business began to clear up right then and there. Fellows, sin is a terrible thing. Fellows, sin is the only reason in the world why anybody is unhappy. They may give themselves all kinds of reasons, but if a fellow is unhappy, his real trouble is sin. And listen to me, fellows—sin doesn't mean staying away from church, or cussing, or not giving money to the poor, or anything like that. *You* fellows know what sin means—I don't have to tell you. When a

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fellow's living in sin, it pretty near always means just the one thing.

Fellows, I hadn't been happy because I hadn't been living right. I'd had the wrong idea of things. I'd thought I'd been living pretty clean because I'd sort of kept training and that kind of thing—but fellows, going to bed at ten o'clock and not eating between meals isn't the whole thing. Fellows, you've got to do more than that to be really happy. Why, sometimes, fellows—it got so sometimes that when I'd see a girl—a *nice* girl, too, fellows—I'd get to thinking—well, *you* fellows know what I'd get to thinking about. And that was what was the trouble with me, fellows. And Frank made me see that. He cleared up a lot of things in that talk.

Well, fellows, I want to tell you that I came away from that talk with Frank feeling as clean as if I'd been sort of born again. I was just sort of like a new man. I went back to my room and my room-mate said, "Well, did you meet him?" And I said, "Yes, I did." And then he said, "Well, let's go have a drink." And fellows, it wasn't training season or anything like that, but I could no more have gone and had a drink after that than—well, I just couldn't have done it. Fellows, I just went into my room and I fell on my knees and I just cried like a little kid. Fellows, I was born again.

Well, fellows, I didn't sleep any that night; and I didn't sleep any to speak of the night after. I haven't been the same man since. Thanks to Frank Buchman, I hope I never will be. And if there are any fellows here tonight that are in trouble, why, I'll be glad to try and do the same for you.

Fellows, I'm speaking from my own experience when I tell you it's the most wonderful thing in the world. And it's just as simple as that. T. S. MATTHEWS.

A Golden Dusk

THE basis for any criticism of a book by Lewis Mumford must be respect for the author and thankfulness that he is at work in our country. Rare indeed are American critics who, like him, venture into the realm of general ideas; and rarer are the men who, with his good will, possess his rounded equipment. For Mr. Mumford tries to be no specialist save in the task of seeing and interpreting life whole. No less than all the works of men shall be his laboratory; no less than the search of values for "the good life" his aim. He can write of archaic Utopias and future city-plannings, of modern books and ancient pictures and mediæval Guilds; he is at home in all subjects since he has gained awareness that all of them are one.

Mr. Mumford's new volume sustains this sense of him. The Golden Day (Boni and Liveright) is his best, and in many ways a beautiful book. It flows easy, brilliant, poetical, from the store of its maker. It has style, it has form. There is no reason to doubt that it will take its place in the sparse critical literature of our uncertain era.

Mr. Mumford has written an essay in interpretation of the American past. With this purpose, he has utilized an analysis of our customs, of our ideals, principally through the medium of our writers. But the standpoint of his study is the present. He has not written history; he has established, as his focus, not alone our day, but as well our need. His retrospect receives its dynamic rhythm, one might almost say its *life,* from the author's mastering interest in "What next?"

The general theme, viewed as a series of facts, is plain enough and has been proposed in similar terms, before. Europe's state since the Middle Ages is regarded as a disintegration. Of this profound break-up America is a conspicuous symptom and expression. America was colonized by forces of Europe's decomposition; and America itself, determining such states of mind as pioneering, hastened the deliquescence of that spiritual world which man raised up in Europe and whose tearing down had no deeper symbol than the emigrations. Howsoever, before the final break-up of Europe in the American West, new shoots of the transplanted European culture rose on our eastern seaboard. In the "Golden Day" of Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, they reached a splendor fresh and unparalleled in the contemporary hour of a Europe less swiftly, but as essentially decadent. Thereafter, the American West, in which the disintegrated force of the old world and the barbarizing condition of the new came to a climax, gradually prevailed. Already, with Hawthorne, Melville, Poe, the "Golden Day" was waning: the good elements of old Europe were rotted by unconscious "new" American factors. The "pragmatic acquiescence" marks America's rationalized slump into the barbaric mood of the industrial pioneer. William James, John Dewey are good men ennobling the sterile Cause. The descent, now, is swift. The muck-rakers are social critics themselves submerged in the muck, failing of any principle to catapult them free. Novelists socially and spiritually submerged are Mark Twain, Jack London, Theodore Dreiser—scavengers whose true function is to pick to pieces what still remains of a once noble structure. And not deeply otherwise are the wistful "pillagers of the past" of whom the finest are Henry James and George Santayana; their retreat into Europe or to "philosophy" is motived by as forceless an acceptance of the barbaric day as the rationalization of the pragmatists. Finally, Mr. Mumford brings us to ourselves. After this ebb, we are sunk so low that naught could remain but a new rising. Mr. Mumford is hopeful, one feels, for sheerly tidal reasons.

Of course, to state in a paragraph what the author himself has athletically stripped to but 300 pages, is to leave out much and to denature more. This book, it seems to me, is chiefly a personal essay—a confession by a significant man. You will find, here, excellent pages on the "romanticism" of the pioneer, on the genius of Emerson, on the limitations of Dewey and Santayana. You will find other pages less adequate: as the discussions of Whitman, Melville, Poe and Dreiser. What interests me most in The Golden Day is not its assemblage of interpretations, but its focus.

This focus is external. Mr. Mumford is outside his own book. He depicts superbly the platonic, pagan and mystical glories which in American's Golden Day were called Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman. But they are experientially remote from Mr. Mumford: as remote as Dante and Aquinas. Ideally, of course, we share all greatness and find its recognition in our souls. Yet those mediæval worlds were not actually ours: their source, their form and their behavior differ. Mr. Mumford depicts, also, and with no less elo-

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quence, the horrors of the American scene: the barbaric frontier, the protestant decadence, the tyranny of the machine and the job, the fallacies of materialism, utilitarianism, experimentalism, pragmatism. But he is outside the experience of these also. When he praises the age of Emerson there is an aloofness of elegy. When he exhorts the young men, his contemporaries: "Allons. The road is before us!" there is an aloofness of rhetoric. What is the matter with Mr. Mumford?

The matter is, that he has considered us, rather than experienced us. He has gone deep to behold our past greatness, our present miseries: but not deep enough to establish the vital connection between them, and between them and himself. America is an organic subject. Mr. Mumford, for all his studies in causation, treats as a series of isolate manifestations, "good" or "bad," "tasteful" or "disgusting," what are really acts of a single spiritual Organism, yet immature, yet basally "in the making." The Golden Day whereof the author so wistfully sings was not a day at all: it was not even a dawn: it was, if you insist on solar terms, *a* dusk of Europe. More accurately, it was a moment in the American childhood when the spirit spoke lyrically clear, before the whelming demands of body—of nutrition and of growth—plunged America more fully into chaos. The fact that this age was not a Day is plain in its shimmering, surface passage over the American mind: and in the sequence when America transformed the idealism of its transcendentalists and poets to immediate adolescent matters of expansion and of self-indulgence. Mr. Mumford makes Emerson the hero of this "day." Yet if ever a man was a congeries of lovely echoes, of wistful longings, of fleeting and unfleshed intuitions, Emerson was he! His intimations of immortality were almost literally those which the great Wordsworth beheld on the visage of a babe! Emerson *was* such an intimation on America's huge child face. He was our first, unfleshed, undifferentiate glimpse of manhood—of a manhood still very far ahead.

In Whitman this intimation is no longer the tremorous evanescent glimpse so well symbolized in Emerson's frail prose. It is a roar of adolescence: a true hunger call: no more. And now, note Mr. Mumford's basic misunderstanding of Poe and Melville. These men were the first to try to *flesh* what we might style the Emersonian intuition in American life. Mr. Mumford calls them figures of the twilight. And yet, from the standpoint of a study of the American Organism, they are more advanced than such more successful artists as Whitman and Thoreau. Poe's mystical attitude toward the mechanism and applied science, his marvelous attempt to add a dimensional sense to the inherited experience of life; and Melville's tragic effort to wed God and whaling—these are the first organic *acts* after the childhood intimations of the men whom Mr. Mumford esteems as makers of our Noon.* And the author fails to recognize them, because he has no organic experience in America to guide him. He is in love with the gesture, the dream, the childhood faëry of our past: yet he rejects the *body*—our present interim of the Machine and of the romanticisms of the Machine—whereby alone this promise from our past may be organized into a living future.

Therefore, finally, his book brings the flavor of a plaint: his envoi is wistful and vague, his call to future action has no ring. For American future spiritual action must rise organically from the facts of our hideous present, since these facts are an insuperable sequence from our past ideals. Mr. Mumford, in this book, is a man sincerely, prophetically in love with the sweet spirit of childhood; yet turning from the physical, often bestial process whereby alone the child can grow in order to express that spirit. When the child America lisps purities half-understood, Mr. Mumford blesses. But when the child America gulps food, wallows in mud, slugs and robs comrades, adventures, bullies, cheats —Mr. Mumford merely scolds. Deep down his book reveals a sentimentalism which I deplore in one of such high power.

WALDO FRANK.

*I feel moved to recall that in Our America, a work with a kindred theme published in 1919, Poe receives even unfairer treatment than that accorded him by Mr. Mumford and Melville is utterly ignored.

Our Murder

THE NEW REPUBLIC, in casting about for a device whereby to secure the few thousand subscribers which still separate us from a circulation of two million (the goal set for Christmas of this year) has struck oil. We have salted away, and are holding against future remittances, the finest murder ever committed, from the publicity point of view.

A survey of the press of recent days teaches us that a murder, or a case, is of front page value in proportion to the elements entering into it. It has been pointed out that the Aimee Semple McPherson trial, involving at once fraud, sex, religion and Lower California, is extraordinary, but that the Hall-Mills affair, involving murder, sex, religion and society, is the complete and perfect wow. If only we could dig up a crime including all of these, and also others, such as soap, virginity and short-staple cotton, our subscription campaign would know no fear. It seemed a foolish dream, but the dream has come true. At this moment we hold in the hollow of our hand the exclusive rights to a mystery into which enter all the fundamental elements of our national life: murder, love, sex, affection, religion, society, politics, fraternal organizations, salesmanship, showmanship, two-family houses, yeast, the drama of the future, baseball, balloon tires, bootlegging, neutroheterodynes, five-cent cigars, Florida, free-verse, permanent waves, theosophy, batik, Rumania, bridge, convalescence, football, æsthetic dancing, foreign exchange, early American antiques, toothpaste, cream-separators, life-insurance, self-possession, biliousness, success, infant mortality, co-operative apartments, Sacco and Vanzetti, life-savers, instalment buying, loose living, Mexican perfidy, morticians, outlines of philosophy, autographs, dentistry, tenant farmers, lynching, perplexity, alien property, assignations, commitments, propositions, daily reminders, demurrers, hiring and firing, lip-service, two-page spreads, peanut butter, first novels, last chances, body squeaks, leaky valves, oysters, dandruff, passion, lily cups and albolene.

In a ditch by the side of a lonely lane at the northeast corner of Rutherford county, state not yet ripe to name, lies the body of a beautiful young woman, under an apple-tree. The tree is also dead. Did what killed her kill the

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tree, too? There is a bullet-hole in the tree's right temple and a wound about the size and shape of an outline of philosophy over her right brow. In her clutched right hand is the deed to a farm, which she obviously inherited, and in her clenched left a stenographer's notebook, evidently her sole source of income. Her lips, set in a dying smile, which might also be construed as a grimace, form the words "Valencia" followed by several unidentified telephone numbers. Her elegant, but scanty clothing, indicates that she told fortunes, taught school, was in the highest society, tuned in on Pittsburgh and owned a dog.

Not ten yards away is the body of an exclusive clubman, bootlegger and Elk. He died a horrible death, having been forced to swallow a hundred and nineteen baseballs. His last name is Smith, and his first, Cohen. Owing to reverses incurred in the dental business, he had been forced to sell his mentality, which lies about him in great disorder. He had loved the Woman deeply, but was known to be jealous. The possibility of a death pact is scouted, or rather was abandoned when . . .

Not ten yards away from him was found the body of an early American antique, with the legs in good condition, but the arms chipped and stained. He was the alien property custodian of his native state, and a power in local politics, both Democratic and the other kind. The cause of his death is thought by some to be toothpaste, by others, an excess of commitments.

Not ten yards to the east, a crumpled heap, with his hands in his pockets, was discovered a giant salesman, over five feet tall, with a daily reminder pad coiled murderously around his neck. Destined to become the storm centre of the investigation, no one was so capable of catching the public's interest. A Mason, a Vanderbilt, an uncle of the Queen of Rumania, a millionaire, a hermit and a much hated sheriff to boot, he was a national figure.

In a field to the north a tenant-farmer stumbled upon the bodiless heads of three beloved men, a football coach, a football coach, and a football coach. Each must have been seen, sliding gracefully into the goalposts, by many millions of raccoon coats during his lifetime. Their death deprived eight wives and eighty children of sustenance. Their horn-rimmed spectacles had not been disturbed by the decapitation—a fact which ran into many editions.

Scattered about the countryside we found sixty-nine more corpses in various states of dismemberment. These, as well as all further details, we hold on ice.

Every walk of life, every activity, every age, every race, creed and color will be represented. Naturally we are unwilling to dump such vast wealth upon the market all at once. We shall proceed piece-meal, one discovery at a time, a body a week, enough bodies to last a year. Though circulation is the prime desideratum, we are not going to neglect the side-bets. We have secured options on all the neighboring property, and have laid the cornerstone of a great apartment hotel, thirteen stories, the Empire Louis XI ball-room, New Republic under your door (servidor) every morning, complimentary coffee. No guest of this, the Hall-Mills hotel Number One, can ever be in the wrong. If necessary, which seems likely, we shall begin building overflow hotels: The McPherson, The Grand Palace Lizzie Borden, the Elwell Family Spa . . .

There will be no tramping of miscellaneous curiosity-seekers over the fields. A hundred experienced guides will take select parties at five dollars per from body to body, from shrine to shrine, and private police will make sure that guests do not secrete corpora delicti, vestiges of arms and legs, teeth, revolvers and fingerprints up to their rooms. At eight o'clock every evening world-famous criminologists will review the discoveries of the day with film and blackboard. When the time comes for the trial, engineers will provide a legal version of the Yale Bowl (cheering extra).

But this is just so much velvet. For the real business end of our murder, for information as to private wires, photographic reproduction, first, second, third and all-American serial rights, novelization and dramatization, for window display, tent, ice-cream and cigar concessions, for all riparian rights, and for space in this periodical (back cover, three-color, $18,000; inside black and white, $12,000; next to editorial copy, $13,500) please address Murder Manager, the New Republic (fifteen cents a copy, five dollars a year), 421 West Twenty-first Street, New York, N. Y. (Entered as second-class matter, November 6, 1914, under the act of March 3, 1879).

ROBERT LITTELL.

Fine Plays

The Witch, by H. Wiers-Jenssen, translated by John Masefield. Greenwich Village Theatre, November 18, 1926.

La Locandiera, Civic Repertory Theatre, November 22, 1926.

THE first few moments of The Witch (published by Brentano, New York) at the Greenwich Village Theatre disclose a terrific force on the stage in the acting of Madame Maria Ouspenskaya, such acting as we rarely see anywhere. She takes the part of Herlofs-Marte, the witch who is pursued by the mob and burnt, and she establishes magnificently at the outset one of the two motives out of which the drama is built.

But shortly after, Miss Brady and Mr. Hugh Huntley, in the scene where Anne Pedersdotter first meets her husband's son Martin, stress the love motive in the play in such a manner as to warp eventually the dramatic idea and to make the last act far weaker and less comprehensible than it is. The Witch is well worth seeing as it stands, but its import and power are greatly lowered by this stress on the love theme.

The brief story of the play is of a young woman, Anne Pedersdotter, whose mother was a witch, spared by the chaplain, Absolon, because of his love for the daughter. The mother dies, he marries the daughter. The other witch, who lived with the girl's mother, is caught, she curses the house. Absolon's son returns from the seminary. He and Anne fall in love with each other. Her husband confesses the sin on his conscience, he has spared the mother out of passion for the daughter. Anne Pedersdotter is set to thinking of the gift of witchcraft. She wishes her husband dead. At the confession of her relations with his son he dies. At his funeral his old mother accuses Anne of having killed the father and bewitched the son by her

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arts. The son, struck with the thought of bewitchment, deserts Anne, and she, accepting the test of touching the dead, fails at the last moment—at the sight of her desertion by her lover she believes and confesses herself to be a witch.

It is in this latter part of the play that the performance breaks down. We need here on one hand the sense of this force of love and against it this confusion, this darkness and the powers of evil poisoning the minds of the three characters involved. The Witch is one of the most imaginative plays in the modern theatre, magnificently seen, rich in texture like an Elizabethan tragedy, tender and compelling. Its canvas is vast, its dramatic movement superb; the emotional range of it is tremendous.

Miss Brady has given herself to a fine undertaking. Her performance is throughout the first two-thirds of the play admirable, with the right effect of harsh fibre, suppression, passion and beauty. At the moment of the husband's death she has not contrived any significant gesture or interpretation; and in the last act, she shares in the general let-down. Mr. Huntley is well cast for an impression of seriousness and feeling; he is bad in the last act, and his whole method is fatally slow in timing, which increases the undue stress on the love motive. Mr. Erskine Sanford is admirable as a fanatical priest. The directing of Mr. Hubert Osborne is often obvious and relaxed, and in general hinders the current of the piece. Mr. Livingston Platt's settings are more or less elaborate, but inconsequent and wholly dull, and so also serve to dim the play.

It seems regrettable that credit should be given right and left to Mr. John Masefield. Mr. Masefield himself told me that he should be sorry to see this happen; he said that a translation was brought to him with the request that he smooth off the English in places, that was all. As it is, the diction is often flat—such phrasing as "my blood is crying out" and the like do nobody much credit. A translation of Anne Pedersdotter by Mr. Hermann Hagedorn was produced in the course of the New Theatre venture some years ago and failed. Several seasons ago Mr. Frederic McConnell produced this tragedy at The Playhouse in Cleveland, it has taken a place there in the repertory and is given yearly with more and more success.

Mirandolina

Whenever La Locandiera is given in English there are sure to be some critics at least and many people who will say that it is a slight piece, spread thin, but agreeable, in a quaint sort of fashion, for those who like this sort of thing. This is partly because Goldoni's play does not thrill with pointed subtleties, does not creak in its motivations, and does not groan in its technical manipulation. It is partly, too, because racially we associate depth with the effect of difficulty and meaning with effort. It is partly because also many of the points are lost to the spectators—and more or less the players—of another race.

Goldoni's comedy is one of the masterpieces of the Italian theatre and an ornament, at the very least, to the theatre of the world. Its technical excellence lies in its smooth progression of parts, the softened but distinct outlining of the characters, the gentle rhythm of the logic of its events. It exhibits of all dramatic writing the easiest and the best-humored genius for the theatre and the theatre's necessary accentuations.

The wisdom of this Venetian drama lies not in any one element or any one statement, which is apt to be the approach that we make to it, but in the combination of all. Its sanity most appears through this combination and sequence of elements. Its quality is humane, based on a kind of cynical toleration of all the sides of human nature and a flexible and easy indulgence of life. Its essential character is not that of wit so much as of sunny humor, a pleasant warmth of mind, a sunlit landscape in which all is clearly seen but sweetly felt, without darkness but without evasion, not brilliant so much as fair.

The character of Mirandolina is a pattern within which much lies. To Italians she is woman herself, gaily but shrewdly set forth—Pirandello said to me once that Mirandolina was the sum of all women. She has the homing common sense, the practical wits, the forgiveness and the scorn that women may contrast to the varieties of man's egotism and folly. She has, too, all the loveliness that attracts them, and all the eternal instinct for putting each to his just use in the cause of life. She and the world of adorers who revolve around her in her little inn are the fruits of Goldoni's sound light heart and lively, smiling, honest brain.

From the acting La Locandiera demands less style than Molière, Regnard, Congreve and those comedies of manners that are smarter, graver or more tart with the world. The performance at the Civic Repertory Theatre, therefore, does not labor under strict demands, but can take its way happily and freshly. As a whole I should call it most agreeable, better certainly than Stanislavsky's production, which pounded Goldoni to death. Mr. Egon Breecher is badly miscast. What he gives us is a good deal of a boor, a sort of Jan Steen misanthrope or a woman-hater out of some Dutch painter whose types and methods are intelligent but crude, inelegant and heavy. The Signor Cavalier of Goldoni, who begins by rebuffing Mirandolina and ends by pursuing her, is a Latin cynic, sharp, elegant, gruff and full of whimsical and perverse egotism. The point of Mirandolina's conquest lies in this elegant, sophisticated and fantastic front that she has to encounter and demolish.

Miss Eva Le Gallienne's Mirandolina has many lovely sides to it, a certain young integrity and recklessness most of all. This interpretation can go on exploring the resources of the character, the happy intuition, shrewdness and sweetness of Mirandolina and the shy, shining sum of her that Goldoni adds together. Externally there is need for a more flowing line, a more engaging bodily rhythm—Mirandolina's loveliness is spontaneous, infectious and unbroken. Mr. Paul Leysaac's playing of the Count of Albafiorita and Mr. Sayre Crawley's of the Marquis of Forlipopoli are far above the average in eighteenth century rôles.

Miss Le Gallienne's directing is straight and good. Miss Calthrop's settings consist of changes of furniture against permanent walls that are lined and cross-hatched in a manner that suggests an old Venetian print in sepia. The effect is charming and imaginative.

Stark Young.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Real Wages and Wholesale Prices

SIR: My attention has been called to your editorial paragraph of October 27 in which you state that Mr. Hoover did not use statistics honestly in stressing the prosperity of the country under the Republican administration, your complaint being that he used indexes of wholesale prices of commodities instead of indexes of retail prices.

Mr. Hoover said that real wages were never before so high as they are now, that our real wages in America are the highest in the world, and that, thanks to the policies we have pursued, the nation shows one of the most astonishing transformations in economic history. He offered the Department of Labor's index numbers on union wages and wholesale prices in proof of his assertions. These showed union wage rates 199 in 1920 and 238 in August 1926, while wholesale prices were 226 in 1920 and 149 in August 1926. He could just as well have offered retail price index numbers or the cost of living index to prove his point. According to any of these indexes wages have increased and the cost of living and prices have decreased. As a matter of fact, the use of the wholesale commodity index is far more truly interpretive of economic phenomena in the United States and is so regarded by all economists as it more accurately represents the fundamental economic shifts of the country than the other indexes. The others are less true because of the great variations in different sections of the country.

J. H. WALLIS,
Washington, D. C. Assistant to Mr. Hoover.

[We know of no reputable economist who would attempt to measure the purchasing power of wages—which was the subject Mr. Hoover was at the moment discussing—by using a wholesale price index if an index of retail prices or of the cost of living were available. Nor is the index of union wage rates an accurate indicator of wage-earnings in general. If Mr. Hoover had adhered to the best economic practice in this matter his results would have differed significantly. Deflating a general index of wage-earnings with the index of the cost of living issued by the U. S. Department of Labor indicates that while the purchasing power of wages is greater in 1926 than either in 1919 or before the War, most if not all of the gain occurred before the end of 1923, and that since that time the wage-earners' gains from prosperity have been negligible. The political value of such a conclusion to supporters of the present administration—and Mr. Hoover was making a political speech—would be small.—THE EDITORS].

Timrodiana Wanted

SIR: I am preparing a study of Henry Timrod and shall be deep in debt of any readers of yours who will point me to or send me copies of Timrod's letters and manuscripts and of letters in which he is mentioned by members of his literary group—Simms, Hayne, Legare, etc.

LESTER HARGRETT.
Tulane University, New Orleans, La.

Contributors

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT'S article in this issue will form part of a forthcoming book, Fire Under the Andes, to be published in February by Knopf.

H. C. COXE, formerly a foreign correspondent with the New York Tribune in Paris, is now a member of the staff of the New York Evening Post.

MALCOLM COWLEY is an essayist and poet. Variety, his translation of Paul Valéry's essays, will be published in January.

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Poe at Home and Abroad

I

THE recent revival of interest in Poe has brought to light a good deal of new information about him and supplied us for the first time with a serious interpretation of his personal career, but it has so far entirely failed to explain why we should still want to read him. In respect to such figures as Poe, we Americans are still perhaps almost as provincial as those of their contemporaries who now seem to us ridiculous for having failed to recognize their genius: today, we take their eminence for granted, but we cannot help persisting to regard them, not from the point of view of their real contributions to the development of western culture, but primarily as fellow Americans, fellow provincials like ourselves, whose activities we feel the necessity of explaining in terms of America and the peculiar circumstances of whose lives we are, as neighbors, in a position to investigate. Thus, at a date when "Edgar Poe" has figured in Europe for the last three-quarters of a century as a writer of the first importance, we in America are still preoccupied—though no longer in moral indignation—with his bad reputation as a citizen. Thus, Dr. J. W. Robertson, perhaps the initiator of the present investigation, five years ago published a book to show that Poe was a typical alcoholic. Thus, we have recently had the publication of Poe's correspondence with his foster-father. Thus, we are promised the early revelation of Poe's plagiarism of his plots from a hitherto unknown German source (as James Huneker has pointed out that Poe's later and most celebrated poems must certainly have been imitated from an obscure American poet named Chivers). Thus, Miss Mary E. Phillips has recently published an enormous and entirely uncritical biography of sixteen hundred and eighty-five pages (Edgar Allan Poe, the Man: the John C. Winston Company), one of those monuments of undiscriminating devotion which it must have taken a lifetime to compile, stuffed with illustrations ranging from photographs of the harbor of the Scotch town from which Poe's foster-father came, the librarian of the University of Virginia at the time when Poe was a student there and the clock on the mantlepiece of Poe's cottage at Fordham, to maps of Richmond, Baltimore and New York at the time when Poe lived in them; and bearing embedded in the pudding-stone of its prose a larger number of actual facts about the poet than have perhaps ever before been assembled.

The ablest and the most important of recent American writings about Poe has without doubt been Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's Edgar Allan Poe: A Study in Genius. Mr. Krutch has attempted to go beyond Doctor Robertson in diagnosing Poe's nervous malady and his conclusions are by this time well known: he believes that Poe was driven into seeking a position of literary eminence by a desire to compensate himself for the social position of which his foster-father had deprived him; that, perhaps by reason of a "fixation" on his mother, he was sexually impotent and forced, as a result of his inability to play a part in the normal world, to invent an abnormal world dominated by feelings of horror, repining and doom (the universally recognized concomitants, according to Mr. Krutch, of sexual repression of this sort), among whose dreams he could take refuge; that his intellectual activity, his love of reasoning over cryptograms and crimes, was primarily stimulated by a desire to appear logical in face of the fact that, as a consequence of his psychological maladjustment, he knew that he was going insane; and, finally, that his critical theory was merely a justification of his artistic practice, which was thus itself merely, in turn, the symptom of his disease. It must be said, in fairness to Mr. Krutch, that he does not fail, in the last pages of his book, to draw the general conclusions about artists in general which follow from his particular conclusions about Poe: he fully admits that, if what he says about Poe is true, it must also be true of "all imaginative works," which, in that case, should be regarded as the products of "unfulfilled desires" springing from "either idiosyncratic or universally human maladjustments to life." This does not, however, prevent Mr. Krutch from misunderstanding

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and underestimating Poe's writings from the point of view of their literary value, nor even from complacently caricaturing them—as the modern school of social-psychological biography, of which Mr. Krutch is a typical representative, seems inevitably to tend to caricature, as Mr. Krutch does, also, the personalities of its subjects. Thus, we are nowadays edified by the spectacle of all the principal ornaments of the race exhibited in terms of their most distressing humiliations, their most ridiculous manias, their most disquieting neuroses and their most lamentable failures. Mr. Krutch has chosen for the frontispiece of his "study in genius" a daguerreotype of Poe taken shortly before his death in 1849: it shows a dilapidated and pasty individual with untrimmed, untidy hair, an uneven toothbrush mustache and large pouches under the eyes; the eyes themselves have a sad unfocussed stare; one eyelid is drooping; one hand is thrust into the coat-front with an air of feeble pretentiousness; the solemn dignity of the whole figure seems as ludicrous as that of a bad actor attempting to play Hamlet, at the same time that its disintegration makes us as uncomfortable as that of an alcoholic patient just admitted to a cure. And it must be confessed that this is the final impression which Mr. Krutch leaves us of Poe. Mr. Krutch quotes with disapproval the memorable statement of President Hadley of Yale, in explanation of the refusal of the committee of the Hall of Fame to admit Poe among its immortals: "Poe wrote like a drunkard and a man who is not accustomed to pay his debts." Yet Mr. Krutch himself, so interesting as a psychologist, is perhaps almost as far astray in his values when he says, in effect, that Poe wrote like a dispossessed southern gentleman, a man with a fixation on his mother.

For the rest, Mr. Mencken has written with admiration of Poe's destructive reviewing of his contemporaries —that is, he has paid a tribute to an earlier practitioner of a special art of his own. Mr. Brooks has examined Poe's work for evidences of the harshness and sterility of a Puritan-pioneer society and found it unsatisfactory as literature. And Mr. Mumford, in his new book on America, seems to have taken his cue from Mr. Brooks and sees in the hardness of some of Poe's effects merely the iron of the industrial age. It is perhaps true that no recent American critic, with the exception of Mr. Waldo Frank in his notice of the Poe-Allan letters, has written with any real appreciation of Poe's absolute artistic importance.

II

One of the most striking features of all this American criticism of Poe is its tendency to regard him as a freak, having his existence somehow apart both from literature and from life. "That his life happened to fall," writes Mr. Krutch, "between the years 1809 and 1849 is merely an accident, and he has no more in common with Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, or Emerson than he has with either the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries in England. . . . His works bear no conceivable relation, either external or internal, to the life of any people, and it is impossible to account for them on the basis of any social or intellectual tendencies or as the expression of the spirit of any age." And, worse than this, we are always being told that Poe has no connection with "reality," that he writes exclusively of a "dream world" which has no significance for our own. The error of this second objection becomes apparent when we consider the obvious falsity of the first. So far from having nothing in common with the spirit of the first half of the nineteenth century, Poe is certainly one of its most typical figures; that is to say, he is a thorough romanticist, closely akin to his European contemporaries. Thus, his fantasy is precisely that of Coleridge; his poetry precisely that of Shelley and Keats; his "dream fugues" precisely those of De Quincey and his "prose poems" those of Maurice de Guérin; and his themes —which, as Baudelaire says, are concerned with "the exception in the moral order"—precisely those of Châteaubriand and Byron, and of the romantic movement generally. It is, then, in terms of romanticism that we must look for reality in Poe. We must not expect of him the same sort of treatment of life that we get from Dreiser or Sinclair Lewis and the preoccupation with which seems so to mislead modern American criticism of him. In other words, we must not expect of him "realism" at a time when realism had not yet arrived. From the modern naturalistic, sociological point of view, the European writers whom I have named above had no more connection with their respective countries than had Poe with America. Their settings and their dramatis personae, the images by which they rendered their ideas, were as different as those of Poe from the images of modern naturalism, and they aimed through them at different dramas, of which the morals were different truths.

What, then, are the morals of Poe, the realities he tried to express? The key is to be found in Baudelaire's phrase about "the exception in the moral order." The exception in the moral order was the predominant theme of the whole romantic movement. It is absurd to complain, as our critics are always doing, of Poe's indifference to the large interests of society, as if this indifference were something abnormal: one of the principal features of romanticism was, not merely an indifference to the claims of society, but an exalted revolt against them. The favorite figure of the romantic writers was the individual sympathetically considered from the point of view of his nonamenability to convention or law. And in this, Poe runs absolutely true to type: his heroes are the brothers of Rolla and René; of Childe Harold, Manfred and Cain. Like these latter, they are superior individuals who pursue extravagant curiosities or fancies; plumb abysses of dissipation; or indulge forbidden passions (Poe made one or two experiments with the classical romantic theme of incest; but his specialties were sadism and a curious form of adultery which never took place until after the woman to whom the hero proved faithless was dead.) And, as in the case of the other romantic heroes, the drama of their situation arises from their conflict with human or divine law. The individual's impulse, however, in Poe rarely wears, as it often does with the other romantics, the aspect of a too generous passion overflowing the canals of the world; but takes on rather the sinister character of the "Imp of the Perverse." Yet the perversity of Poe, the dizzy terror which it engenders—due to whatever nervous instability and whatever unlucky circumstances—have their poetry and their profound pathos—from those lines in one of the finest of his poems in which he tells how the doom of his later life appeared to him even in childhood as he gazed on "the cloud that took the form (when the rest of Heaven was blue) of a demon in my view"; to that terrible picture of the condemned man, "sick—sick unto death with that long agony," when "first [the candles] wore the aspect of charity, and seemed white slender angels who would save me; but then, all at once, there came a most deadly nausea over my spirit, and I felt every fibre in my frame thrill as if I had touched the wire of a galvanic battery, while the angel forms became mean-

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ingless spectres, with heads of flame, and I saw that from them there would be no help. And then there stole into my fancy, like a rich musical note, the thought of what sweet rest there must be in the grave." And it is the "long agony" of his moral experience that gives to Poe's William Wilson its superior intensity and sincerity over Stevenson's Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. In Stevenson's story, it is the noble half of the dual personality which, though at the price of its own destruction, triumphs over the evil; whereas, in Poe's, it is the evil half which puts to death the good and which is even made to tell the whole story from its own point of view. Yet, does not the reality of William Wilson make us shudder in the presence of the abyss far more readily than the melodramatic fable of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?

There is one special tragic theme of Poe's which deserves to be noted in this connection. Mr. Krutch says that Poe was impotent and that, for this reason, though perhaps unconsciously, he chose as a wife a girl of thirteen with whom it would be impossible to consummate his marriage. Mr. Krutch offers no proof for this assertion and it is not necessary to assume that it is true; but it is quite evident that Poe's marriage with Virginia was somehow unsatisfactory. It may be that, because Virginia was his first cousin, he had scruples about having conjugal relations with her. In any case, Virginia became tubercular and, twelve years after she was married, died; while Poe himself became neurotic, irritable and obsessed by desperate fancies, and finally went insane. It is surely possible to follow Mr. Krutch so far as to admit that the atrocious sadism of many of Poe's later tales may have been the result of some emotional repression. And he must often have wished Virginia dead at the same time that he adored her. He is always imagining, in his tales, long before Virginia's actual death, that a woman like Virginia has died and that her lover is free to love other women. But, even here, the dead woman intervenes: in Ligeia, she reincarnates herself in the dead body of her successor; in Morella, in her own daughter. And it is evidently the conflict of his emotions about Virginia which inspires, not merely these bizarre fancies, but also the unexplained feelings of remorse which often haunt Poe's heroes. After her death, the situation he has foreseen appears exactly to be realized. He conducts flirtations with other women; but they are accompanied by "a wild inexplicable sentiment that resembled nothing so nearly as a consciousness of guilt." He is at one time on the point of getting married; but abruptly causes the engagement to be broken off. "I was never really insane," he writes to Mrs. Clemm just before his miserable death, "except on occasions when my heart was touched. I have been taken to prison once since I came here for getting drunk; but then I was not. It was about Virginia." The story of Poe and Virginia is a painful and rather unpleasant one; but it is perhaps worth discussing to this extent: we recognize in it the actual situation which, viewed in the light of a romantic problem and transposed into romantic terms, fills Poe's writings with the ominous sense of a deadlock between the rebellious spirit of the individual will, on the one hand, and both its very romantic idealisms and its human bonds, on the other. "The whole realm of moral ideals," says Mr. Krutch, "is excluded [from Poe's work], not merely as morality per se, but also as artistic material used for the creation of conflicts and situations." What, then, does he suppose such stories as Ligeia and as Eleonora are about? He goes on to say that horror is the only emotion which is "genuinely Poe's own" and that this "deliberately invents causes for itself," that "it is always a pure emotion without any rational foundation." What is the moral interest, he would no doubt ask, of the Case of M. Valdemar or of the Descent Into the Maelstrom? I propose to discuss this question in a moment.

III

Poe was, then, a typical romantic. But he was also something more. He contained the germs of a further development. By 1847, Baudelaire had begun to read Poe and had "experienced a strange commotion": when he had looked up the rest of Poe's writings in the files of American magazines, he found among them stories and poems which he had "thought vaguely and confusedly" of writing himself and Poe immediately became an obsession with him. In 1852, he published a volume of translations of Poe's tales; and from then on, the influence of Poe became one of the most remarkable in French literature. M. Louis Seylaz has recently traced this influence in a book called Edgar Poe et les Premiers Symbolistes Français, in which he discusses the indebtedness to Poe of the French symbolist movement, from Baudelaire, through Verlaine, Rimbaud, Mallarmé (who translated Poe's poems), Villiers de L'Isle-Adam and Huysmans, to Paul Valéry in our own day (who has just written some interesting pages about Poe in a preface to a new edition of the Fleurs du Mal).

Let us inquire precisely in what this influence consisted which was felt so profoundly through a whole half-century of French literature, yet which has so completely failed to impress itself upon the literature of Poe's own country that it is still possible for Americans to talk about him as if his principal claim to distinction were his title to be described as the "father of the short story." In the first place, says M. Valéry, Poe brought to the romanticism of the later nineteenth century a new discipline: perhaps more than any other French or English writer of his school, he had thought seriously about the methods and aims of literature: he had formulated a critical theory and he had supplied specimens of its practice. Even in poetry, by the time that Poe's influence had begun to be felt, it was naturalism which had been brought into play on the part of the post-romantic generation against the looseness and the extravagance of romanticism running to seed. But Poe provided them with a new and logical program which lopped away many of the overgrowths of romanticism and yet aimed at ultra-romantic effects. What were these ultra-romantic effects at which Poe aimed and what were the means by which he proposed to attain them?

"I *know*," writes Poe, "that indefiniteness is an element of the true music [of poetry]—I mean of the true musical expression . . . a suggestive indefiniteness of meaning with a view of bringing about a definiteness of vague and therefore of spiritual *effect*." This is already the doctrine of symbolism. Poe had exemplified it in his own poems. Poe's poetry is rarely quite successful; but it is, none the less, of first-rate importance. He speaks somewhere of poetry as the pursuit to which he would have desired, under happier circumstances, to have devoted his principal efforts, or something of the sort; and it is certainly true that the immaturity of his early verse is scarcely adequately redeemed by the deliberate tricks of his later; these devices seem all to have been borrowed from Chivers, who, though he provided a readier road to the popular ear, was certainly, on the whole, a far less desirable master for Poe than Shelley and Coleridge had been. Yet all Poe's poetry is interesting because more than that of any other romantic (except perhaps Coleridge in Kubla Khan), it does ap-

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proach the indefiniteness of music—that supreme goal of the symbolists. That is to say, from the ordinary point of view, Poe's poetry is more nonsensical than that of any other of the romantics—and nonsensical in much the same way as, to the ordinary point of view, modern poetry appears. To note but a single instance: one of the characteristic symptoms of modern symbolism is a sort of psychological confusion between the impressions of the different senses. And this confusion distinctly appears in Poe: thus, he *hears,* in one of his poems, the approach of the darkness; and, in the marvelous description in one of his tales of the non-sensuous sensations which follow death, we read that, "night arrived; and with its shadows a heavy discomfort. It oppressed my limbs with the oppression of some dull weight, and was palpable. There was also a moaning sound, not unlike the distant reverberation of surf, but more continuous, which, beginning with the first twilight, had grown in strength with the darkness. Suddenly lights were brought into the room . . . and issuing from the flame of each lamp, there flowed unbrokenly into my ears a strain of melodious monotone.

And Poe's theory of short story writing was similar to his theory of verse. "A skilful literary artist," he writes, "has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect." So the real significance of Poe's stories does not lie in what they purport to relate. Many of them are confessedly dreams (usually nightmares); and, like dreams, at the same time that they appear absurd, their effect upon us is serious. And even those which pretend to the accuracy and the logic of realistic narratives are dreams, none the less. They are quite different from the mere macabre surprises and stories of astonishing adventure of even such imitators of Poe as Conan Doyle. The descent into the maelstrom is like a metaphor for the horror of the moral whirlpool into which, as we know from more explicit stories, Poe had a giddy apprehension of being sucked; and M. Valdemar, for the horror of death, or rather of death endured by the living, which, from whatever blighting of some area of his nature, haunted Poe throughout his later life. No one understood better than Poe that, in fiction and in poetry, it is not what you say that counts, but what you make the reader feel (he always italicizes the word "effect"); no one understood better than Poe the possibilities for rendering deep truth through phantasmagoria than Poe, with whom his most circumstantial realism is phantasmagoria like the rest—as, indeed, all realism must, at bottom, be. And he is a writer who should particularly interest us today, when the revolt against the superficiality and literalness of the naturalistic movement which intervened between Poe's time and ours seems constantly to be gathering strength.

"Poe's mentality was a rare synthesis," writes Mr. Padraic Colum. "He had elements in him that corresponded with the indefiniteness of music and the exactitude of mathematics." Is not this precisely what modern literature tends toward? Poe was the bridge over the middle nineteenth century from romanticism to symbolism; and symbolism, as M. Seylaz says, though scarcely any of its accredited exponents survive, now permeates literature. We must not, however, expect Poe to be admired, in his capacity of suspension across this chasm, on the part of American writers who do not know that either bank exists.

EDMUND WILSON.

Charles William Eliot

Charles W. Eliot, the Man and His Beliefs. Edited with a Biographical Study by William Allan Neilson. New York: Harper and Brothers. Two vols. 790 pages. $10.

THE reader of President Eliot's volumes, with their brief straightforward introduction by President Neilson, will be struck by the constantly recurring references to democracy. The most authoritative essays are directed to the function of education in a democracy, and to the means of sustaining it. The second group considers the obligations of capital and labor in the light of democratic social theory. In the papers on government and on war and peace it is the democratic state which President Eliot has in mind. And in the most interesting series of all on The Conduct of Life, the pursuit of human welfare is conceived steadily in terms of democratic culture. In The Character of a Gentleman, addressed to entering students at Harvard, the President is careful to point out that it is "the gentleman who is also a democrat" whom he is describing; and his discussion of manners has as its title: Manners in a Democracy. Of the personal essays, those on Franklin, Emerson and Channing commemorate types of democratic leadership; and no other of the personal studies is written with such zest as the sketch of John Gilley, Maine Farmer and Fisherman, who illustrated to the full the qualities which Eliot most admired, and which he conceived as flourishing naturally in a truly democratic society.

In the mid-nineteenth century, when President Eliot grew to manhood, there were two strong currents of opinion, one tending toward trust in the intelligence and its power to control mankind and its destiny; the other despairing of the conscious effort of humanity and falling back on the unconscious, with a mystical faith in a kind of instinctive wisdom in the race which leads it to submit to inspired guidance. The former theory is basic in any conception of democratic self-government, as the latter opens the way to dictatorship. Of the trust in mind, Eliot was the foremost representative in America. He foresaw the time when the American democracy could no longer rely for progress on vast material possessions, when it must be prepared to hold its place in the world in competition on equal terms, by strenuous intellectual effort. Hence his concern for education, broader for all the people and higher for the self-chosen few. His crusade in behalf of the elective system was in immediate connection with his democratic theory. The aristocratic learning which held its position as the result of institutional privilege should be leveled to competition with the new scientific and technical studies, and the superiority of a leisure class, possessing a prescribed conventional culture, over professionally and technically trained men should be done away with forever. The elective system extended the university curriculum to include all knowledge, and by permitting complete freedom of choice to the individual it opened the university classes to all men of serious intellectual interests. Eliot adopted with approval Cornell's description of a university as "an institution in which anyone may study anything."

The criticism to be made on this theory is that Eliot overestimated the strength of intellectual interests in common humanity. He was not much worried by the presence of the non-student in college, trusting that even the most indifferent would not be able to escape entirely the temptations of the curriculum. He did not foresee that the college would itself become primarily a place for the prac-

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tice of country-club activities and the cultivation of social prestige. But his theory in itself was sound—that all people should have enough education to understand the theory of the democratic state, and to respect expert leadership; while some of them, the most fit, should have the higher learning necessary to act in this capacity. The great problem of democracy, the harnessing of popular will with expert control, was in Eliot's thought to be solved by education:

> Confidence in experts, and willingness to employ them, and abide by their decisions are among the best signs of intelligence in an educated individual or an educated community; and in any democracy which is to thrive this respect and confidence must be felt strongly by the mass of the population.

Next to democracy the word freedom is of most frequent occurrence in these pages. Eliot defended the elective system because it provides "on a large scale an invaluable addition to human freedom, and provides this precious freedom for the most highly trained, and therefore the most productive and influential, persons." This conception of freedom as the indwelling spirit of democracy Eliot held in common with the intellectuals of the nineteenth century, and many passages in his essays read like paraphrases of Mill's Liberty.

> For savages or semi-civilized men, and for some children who pass through barbaric stages of development, authority is needed to restrain them from injuring themselves or others; but the diminishing part played by authority in the family and the commonwealth, and the increasing room and need for individual liberty are characteristic of what we call modern civilization. . . . Authority curbs the will power of the individual; liberty gives it play and exercises it. Therefore the training of the will to the wise use of liberty is the great means of developing individual strength of character and national greatness.

It was this feeling for freedom as the source alike of joy and of efficiency in work that led Eliot to take the position which he maintained so stoutly against trade unionism. It may be true, as President Neilson asserts, that he was not opposed to collective bargaining in itself, but he was opposed to nearly everything which enters into the actual strategy and conduct of the organizations by which collective bargaining is carried on. The closed shop he regarded as an evil because it destroys "the individual freedom of workman or proprietor, and this freedom is the main source of American efficiency." One is moved to smile at his description of the scab as "a creditable type of nineteenth century hero." "In defense of his rights as an individual, he deliberately incurs the reprobation of many of his fellows, and runs the immediate risk of bodily injury, or even of death." Eliot had in mind the Stephen Blackpool of Dickens's Hard Times rather than the gunman strikebreaker who is the mercenary soldier in industrial warfare today. Naturally the conception of class consciousness was foreign to Eliot's thought of democracy. One objection which he finds to the rules for the government of various trades by the unions is that they "stiffen every class or set of mechanics or operatives—so that true democratic mobility between classes or sets of working people is seriously impaired." Limitation of output he repudiated as "the most degrading of all the trades-union doctrines and practices; for it destroys the enjoyment of achieving, and that enthusiastic pursuit of an ideal which makes work done in an artistic spirit and with good will a durable satisfaction throughout life. It defeats the true democratic standard for a workingman's life—increasing intelligence, efficiency, personal liberty, and coöperative good-will."

Again one may smile at this idyllic view of the world of industry. Eliot never clearly apprehended the difference between the kind of work which he admired John Gilley for doing, and which he quite honestly thought he would like to do himself, and the forced and degrading labor to which the mass of mankind is condemned by the industrial system. When he sets up as a pleasurable and developing occupation that of driving an electric tram-car he does so without a trace of irony. It was impossible for Eliot, with all his democracy, not to realize that he was a superior person, and to condescend to men of low estate. A child thinks it would be a noble career to drive a tram-car; why should it not be satisfying to the child of larger growth to whom contact with his motor teaches increasing technical efficiency, and near-contact with the competing traffic teaches enterprise and self-reliance? Such lapses should not blind us to the main point. Eliot saw the democratic state as an experiment, to the end of promoting the welfare of its members. He knew that the experiment would succeed only on the basis of efficiency. He knew that the supreme condition of such success, or even survival, was the mutual fulfillment of duties by its citizens, who are all members one of another. He thought that such fulfillment could be brought about by intelligence, widely diffused and working in an atmosphere of freedom. Now that the democratic state is faced by competition with dictatorship of capitalist or of proletariat, in accordance with both of which the citizens are assigned and compelled to their respective duties, his words are needed to give courage to those who remain of his household of faith.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Poincaré Defendant

In the Service of France, by Raymond Poincaré. Au Service de la France: Neuf Années de Souvenirs. Paris: Three vols. 1,187 pages. 56 francs. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Vol. I. 371 pages. $5.

LOVERS of France will rejoice that M. Poincaré again came forward in time of great difficulty to save the franc from going the way of the German mark. It is a deserved tribute to his unquestioned ability and political shrewdness that France should turn again to him in time of need to do what so many other ministers had failed to accomplish. But lovers of history will regret that the veteran former Minister and President had to be called from his study to mount the tribune, if it should mean a serious interruption in the writing of his memoirs. Since his temporary retirement from politics a couple of years ago, he has been composing an elaborate apologia of his policy in the past. Already three volumes, modestly entitled In the Service of France, have been published. They cover the year 1912 and the first half of 1913. They describe events as they developed almost day by day. If continued on the same detailed scale for the whole period of his Presidency, they will fill a dozen good-sized volumes and rival in bulk the volumes in which M. Ollivier tried to exculpate himself from responsibility for the War of 1870-71.

As compared with Viscount Grey's memoirs, those of

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M. Poincaré are lacking in charm of style, in readiness to admit that he may have erred in wisdom if not in honesty, and in sweet reasonableness. M. Poincaré writes with lawyer-like vigor and perfect confidence in the wisdom and righteousness of all his acts. He quotes at length from his innumerable speeches in defense of the power and dignity of France, her love of peace and her loyalty to Russia and England. He makes considerable use of unpublished material from the French archives, which makes his volumes of great value to the historian. But he frequently turns aside, with sarcasm and with overwhelming minutiæ of detail, in attempts to confute his critics; this often makes his work an acrid polemic rather than a calm historical retrospect. As a literary achievement his volumes will not have the success of Viscount Grey's memoirs, but as history and as a contribution to the controversy as to the causes of the War they have a higher value.

M. Poincaré's most severe critics have been his own countrymen—Pevet, Judet, Fabre-Luce, Converset, Morhardt, Victor Margueritte and a host of lesser lights. They have charged him with getting rid of cautious ambassadors like M. Georges Louis in St. Petersburg and M. Crozier in Vienna to make way for chauvinists like M. Delcassé or puppets like M. Paléologue and M. Dumaine, in order that he might be more free to work with Izvolski in bringing about a war which should recover Alsace-Lorraine for France and secure Constantinople and the Straits for Russia. Many of his replies to their criticisms are sound. It is clear that Judet is mistaken in thinking that the first attempt to get rid of M. Georges Louis was primarily due to Izvolski's intrigues; it was chiefly owing to Sazonov's objections to him. It is also clear that Poincaré and Izvolski did not work so completely hand in glove as most commentators on the Livre Noir would have us believe. M. Poincaré now asserts that he quickly recognized that Izvolski was an ambitious snob, an intriguer and an unreliable ambassador. It is a pity he did not get rid of him instead of M. Georges Louis. He manages to explain away some of the incriminating remarks that Izvolski attributes to him. But in many other cases he takes refuge in the practice of throwing dust in the reader's eyes by diverting his attention from the main point to minor matters. He takes ten pages to contradict ten lines of Fabre-Luce. He tries to discredit his critics by proving them inaccurate in trivialities.

Nor is M. Poincaré always consistent. When it is a question of a loan to Austria in return for Austria's recognition of the French protectorate in Morocco, he says there is no connection between loans and political questions. But when it is a question of a loan to Bulgaria or Serbia, all depends on whether they will follow the political program of the Triple Entente; if not, no loan.

On the general question of war responsibility M. Poincaré tries to prove that as Premier and President he in no way deviated from the pacific policy of his predecessors. He tries to make out that he and M. Georges Louis were in complete agreement as to the nature and interpretation of the Franco-Russian alliance. Having read all the available documents, I cannot agree with his arguments. There was a distinct change during 1912 when he was Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs in the direction of tightening the alliance and extending French support to Russian ambitions in the Balkans. This was not, however, as many of his critics assert, with the aim of bringing about a war by which France should recover Alsace-Lorraine. It was to establish greater solidarity in the Triple Entente. In so doing he tended to divide the powers more and more into two armed and opposing camps, so that the Triple Entente could impose its will on the Triple Alliance; or, if a diplomatic crisis should arise, the former could safely defy the latter, and willingly risk war with superior forces rather than accept a diplomatic defeat. This is exactly what happened in 1914. He believed a European war "inevitable"; in tightening the Entente and in making promises to Russia he did in fact tend to make it inevitable. Herein lies his responsibility.

SIDNEY B. FAY.

Oil and World Affairs

Oil Imperialism, by Louis Fischer. New York: International Publishers. 256 pages. $2.

Survey of International Affairs 1924, by Arnold J. Toynbee. New York: Oxford University Press. 528 pages. $8.

IF anyone imagines that international relations consist of metaphysical conversations between angels representing abstract entities known to jurists as sovereignties he will do well to read Louis Fischer's volume on the jurisprudence of kerosene. The book is an outline history, rich in detail, of the negotiations between Soviet Russia on the one side and the diplomats of the great powers on the other, especially England, France, Japan and the United States, with brief notes on operations in north Persia—all arranged on the thesis that the goblins of capitalism will get us if we don't watch out. As mirrored by Mr. Fischer, the play of diplomacy and arms, real and concealed, ran about as follows: One phase of the World War for democracy (not a part of the information supplied by Mr. Creel's committee), was the conflict among England, Turkey and Germany for Baku oil—a conflict that ran into intervention in Soviet affairs in the interest of "democratic ideals." In this game Russia won. The Genoa conference was little more than a sparring match between Russia and the powers over oil—a solemn farce which was reënacted at the Hague. According to Mr. Fischer, United States nationals had little property in Russia and American intervention at the Hague is to be explained by the "State Department's desire to protect the questionable claims of the Standard Oil Company on Baku"—Mr. Hughes speaking for Standard Oil, first as Secretary of State and later as a lawyer-consultant of that important economic corporation. Having failed to break Russia at the Hague, the oil interests of the world tried to form a cordon sanitaire and choke the Soviet Republic by cooperative effort. But that undertaking broke down under the intense rivalry of the great oil interests, so that at last, Russian diplomats, like Talleyrand at Vienna, were able to win by playing one oil complex against another. Beaten on all fronts, the leaders of the allied and associated oil powers cried out sauve-qui-peut. In that situation, the Standard Oil interests had to face the issue of dealing with the wicked Bolsheviks directly, and soiling their pure hands by buying "stolen oil"—that is, oil taken without compensation by the Moscow government from concerns operating in Russia before the upheaval. That was a nice problem for gentlemen of high moral principles, and if Mr. Fischer is to be believed Ex-Secretary Hughes, called into consultation by the pertinent oil interests—this time in the rôle of an adviser—"acknowledged himself persuaded." At the conference in question it was pointed out that the State Department was already allowing the approval of passports of Russian communists who

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wanted to come in to buy goods—by what sanction under the immigration acts it would be interesting to know—and that if it was ethical for the government of the American people to deal with the polluted and criminal Bolsheviki it was ethical for the oil government to do the same. At any rate, according to the story, Standard Oil interests decided to buy "stolen oil" and did buy it—and indicated willingness to accept a concession for the Emba oil field. The day after the announcement in the New York Times that the Standard Oil Company had completed negotiations with Soviet Russia for the purchase of oil, a front-page story in the same newspaper proclaimed that Mr. Ivy Lee, "adviser on public relations" of the Standard Oil Company, had started a movement to secure the recognition of Russia by the government of the United States. Well, well. Aren't these gentlemen in high places setting bad examples for Citizen Great Heart who wants to preserve American institutions in their pristine virtue against all contamination by Bolshevism? Is it possible that for the sake of money, mere money, the passports of avowed communists are sanctioned by Washington in open defiance of the law, for the purpose of enabling American business men to make a little profit out of trade? The present reviewer cannot believe that Mr. Fischer is correctly informed. Having disposed of this phase of Russian oil, our author gives an interesting account of Harry F. Sinclair's attempt to secure a concession from Soviet Russia—with the assistance of that noble old Roman, that preserver of American institutions against the insidious wiles of the Red, that ardent advocate of a war for democracy on Mexico, that staunch defender of the right, Hon. Albert Fall—with Mr. Archibald Roosevelt as a member of the party of negotiations to give a richer color to the brocade. After relating how Mr. Sinclair's mishap in the Teapot Dome adventure spoiled his Russian designs, Mr. Fischer describes the process by which Japan "turned a trick" in coming to terms with the Bolsheviki and winning a huge oil concession. The grand conclusion of this drama is that Soviet Russia is growing daily stronger and can now cope with the great powers on her own terms. Finally there is a homily for the pacifist: there is no use in crying "Peace, peace"; the advocate of peace must "apply some of his energy to an analysis of the fundamental causes of international disagreements and to the organization of those elements of the population in each country which have nothing to gain from such complications except the opportunity of becoming cannon fodder." If Mr. Fischer will read a recent article by Mr. Alfred Vagts in the Europaeische Gespraeche on Diplomacy, Economics and Public Opinion—a genuine and noteworthy contribution to the science of politics—he will discover how widespread are the users of oil, rubber and other goods which form the subjects of diplomatic complications. To assume that a stoppage of oil, for instance, would affect only a handful of capitalists is to ignore realities as obvious as noses on faces.

Whatever the shortcomings of Mr. Fischer's book, it should be widely read by that growing number of people interested in "foreign affairs," especially by those who are likely to read and take seriously Arnold J. Toynbee's general conspectus for the year 1924. Though by its title the latter volume is supposed to be universal in scope, it is, in the main, a view of western European relations affecting the security of England and France against Germany and Bolshevism, with an excursus on the movement of population—in which immigration into the United States is covered—sixty or seventy pages on Central and Eastern Europe, and a brief consideration of Tropical African problems. The affairs of the Western Hemisphere are to be treated in a forthcoming volume and those of Asia are likewise postponed. The bulk of the volume is devoted to attempts of England and France to settle the German estate—negotiations for an Anglo-French compact, the Geneva protocol, occupation of German territories, execution of the Versailles treaty, Rhine separatist movement and Dawes arrangement—and to Russian affairs including the propaganda of the Communist International. Why Japan and China should be passed over with scarcely a glance, except incidentally as in the matter of American immigration, and fifty pages given to the futile efforts of Moscow zealots to turn the world upside down by rhetoric is nowhere explained. In style, Mr. Toynbee departs somewhat from the annalist and decorates documents and reports with classical allusions and vivid terms, making the book more readable but less useful. As to sources, especially about Russia, he leans heavily upon the London Times and Le Temps, except in cases of easily available state papers. In temper, he is on the whole eminently fair, except when he deals with German topics and especially with Russian relations—then some historic bitterness shines through his academic embroidery. The section on the United States immigration policy is splendidly done; the essential facts are there, well ordered and smoothly joined. Naturally British interests predominate in the selection of data and the direction of the current. With that American students have no right to quarrel, but they may quite properly wish that Central Europe would give them a volume on the same theme viewed from a mid-continental angle. Indeed it is (and always has been) one of the unfortunate consequences of our position and training that we see Europe mainly through English eyes. If Englishmen could imagine the scene reversed and themselves compelled to look at the world through American eyes, they might appreciate a little more charitably the restiveness of Americans under their present limitations. Surely it is no criticism of Mr. Toynbee's very useful work, to suggest that the greatest need in the United States with respect to world affairs is a counterbalancing book from Central Europe and still another one surveying world affairs from the standpoint of American interests. In any event until Americans can put an end to their unfortunate habit of regarding economic interests as "sinister" and come to face economic realities honestly and without shame, it will be difficult to get a sane vision of world affairs through any medium.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Control of the Personality

Personality, by R. G. Gordon. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 302 pages. $3.75.

IN every attempt at scientific approach to the practical problems of human conduct and well-being we are harassed by hoary metaphysical questions. Am I a spiritual being temporarily incarnated (some might say incarcerated) in a more or less inadequate house of clay? Or is my physical body myself and all there is of me? Our attitude toward any program of personal or social welfare is bound to be colored by philosophical and religious traditions—traditions which do not always fit into the frame of things as they are today.

Doctor Gordon's substantial volume is a serious attempt by a physician to put the personality problems that we all

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meet in our own experience and in our adjustments with other people into a natural setting that squares with the facts of human nature and conduct as we know them. The human being is envisaged in his entirety as a unitary organization. For this purpose no philosophical presuppositions—dualistic, monistic, or whatever—are needful. Practically I am living one life, not two; and in this life my mind is seen to be related to my body in essentially the same way as are the other vital functions. The recognition of this fact permits an approach to personality problems with the ordinary methods of natural science and with results that are verifiable and workable in practice. Intellectual, emotional, æsthetic and moral components of human behavior are real; they are also natural processes, causative factors in "the continent art of living well."

Doctor Gordon undertakes to analyze this very complex unity that we call a human personality into its anatomical, physiological and psychological ingredients and to explain to lay readers the interrelationships of these components and something of the hygiene of the personality. Regarding the appropriateness of the analysis and the terminology employed there is ample room for difference of opinion, but the primary purpose of the volume as just outlined is well carried out.

The works of Freud, Jung, Adler and Kempf are reviewed and their positive scientific contributions are sifted out, critically and sympathetically. These are probably the most valuable chapters of the book. The concept of libido is given intelligible meaning as the manifestation of vital energy liberated within a special pattern of bodily organization.

The approach to the problems of personality is by way of critical evaluation of the scientific evidence. In this the author shows breadth of view, accuracy of knowledge and judicial skill. The result is good. A serious blemish, in the reviewer's opinion, lies in the failure to carry adherence to strict scientific method through quite to the end of the story.

Spiritism usually takes the form of mysticism, or the fabrication of principles and causative agencies that cannot be articulated in a unitary way with natural phenomena and natural causal sequences. Doctor Gordon lays a sound foundation for a scientific treatment of his theme, free from this sort of mysticism; but under the influence of McDougall's type of spiritism he comes a little short of a satisfactory consummation of his enterprise. Throughout the text he treats the conscious activities as functions of the bodily organization. This is scientifically sound. In the final chapter, discussing the spiritual aspect of personality, he seems to fail to recognize that a radically functional view of all human traits and achievements gives an adequate basis for a strictly scientific analysis of the personality, even in its noblest and most "spiritual" relationships.

The view that thinking is a genuine function of the human bodily organization rests biologically on as secure an empirical basis as does the belief that flying is a function of the bird's body. Thinking, imagination, joy, sorrow, love, hate, the fabrication of ideals of conduct and character, and the will to achieve these ideals—these are all bodily functions. And the frank recognition of these for what they are enables us to see that the noblest human sentiments and ideals are part of the natural process of living on the human plane; they are causative factors in human progress as truly as are the unconscious physiological functions from which they have emerged. Altruism has "survival value" in the biological sense in an advanced human social organization. And the fact that during the performance of these functions we are conscious, not only of what is going on but also of the probable results of our own performance, is what makes our life worth while to us. On this view æsthetic and moral appreciation, ideals of conduct and character, social sanctions and religious experence are natural processes; they are causative agencies; they play a natural and necessary part in creative evolution of human personalities and human societies.

Human life is not degraded, it is ennobled, by the recognition of the fact that these natural processes can be controlled by our own efforts as soon as the laws of their operation are discovered—just the same as other natural forces have been brought under human control by human inventiveness. This control of inorganic nature is the basis of the material advancement of civilization. Similar control of human personalities lies at the basis of further advancement of social and moral culture.

C. Judson Herrick.

Country Life and the Rural Press

The Country Newspaper: A Study of Socialization and Newspaper Content, by Malcolm M. Willey. University of North Carolina Press. 153 pages.

Agricultural Journalism, by Nelson Antrim Crawford and Charles Elkin Rogers. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 300 pages.

Handbook of Rural Social Resources, by Henry Israel and Benson Y. Landis. University of Chicago Press. 204 pages.

The Folk High Schools of Denmark and the Development of a Farming Community, by Holger Begtrup, Hans Lund and Peter Manniche. Oxford University Press. 168 pages.

A Short Survey of Agriculture in Denmark, by H. Hertel, the Royal Danish Agricultural Society. Copenhagen: Bianco Luno Printers. 69 pages.

PROFESSOR WILLEY approaches the press from the sociologist's point of view. He wants to know whether or not the country newspaper may be counted as a social influence. His initial assumption is that the press is an important, if not the most important, of all agencies playing upon the public mind; and his secondary assumption is that the country press should perform one central function, namely, interpret the local community to itself. From the standpoint of method, he next assumes that this function is measurable. The preliminary material consists of an elucidation of categories used by other investigators and the formulation of a set of categories which seem satisfactory to him. With these tools in hand he has proceeded to apply his method to a detailed analysis of the thirty-five country newspapers in the state of Connecticut. His final appraisal is for the most part negative: he concludes that country newspapers are deficient in their content of local news, deficient in socially significant news, and inconsistent in policy. The results of Professor Willey's study should prove useful to editors and writers as well as to students interested in the sociology of the press, for in spite of the fact that this is an academic product its terminology is sufficiently clear for the lay reader's comprehension. It is to be hoped that many other investigators will use his method in similar studies of other areas. The country press is still an active and important factor in the life of small towns and rural communities

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and we shall need to know a great deal more about its conduct if we are to make useful interpretations of the so-called American mind. Professor Willey has made the most illuminating study in this field thus far available.

Agricultural Journalism is plainly a textbook, but an excellent one. It launches forth with a stimulating chapter on the Farmer's Mind and then proceeds directly to practical matters. This is a craftsman's book; it tells the reader how to do things—things which combine to make successful journalism. Each chapter is followed with an interesting set of questions and problems for classroom assignment. If agricultural journalists can be made, this volume should be useful in making them. The comprehensiveness of its content is marred, however, by one serious defect: those who have come to believe that the farmer does not live by bread alone will find little in this volume to encourage their alternative hopes; this volume, like the agricultural press itself, one regrets to say, overemphasizes economic interests. Indicative of this materialistic point of view is the calendar of agricultural dates in an appendix: organizations such as the American Country Life Association and other rural social agencies are not mentioned. Twenty-five pages are devoted to Writing for Farm Women and eight of these have to do with recipes for canning and cooking and butter-making. All of which supports the growing opinion that a large section of the agricultural press exists principally for those who have goods to sell to farmers.

Those interested in the social aspects of country life will find a wealth of relevant information in the Handbook of Rural Social Resources. It would, indeed, represent a splendid supplement for the work on agricultural journalism discussed above. Messrs. Israel and Landis have secured the coöperation of a number of specialists who have interpreted the past five years of rural development in the United States. In addition, the programs of twenty private and five public agencies engaged in rural social work are outlined, and Mr. Asher Hobson has contributed an enlightening essay on agricultural policies of European nations. An abbreviated list of topics will provide an insight into the comprehensiveness of this useful volume: rural population, the farmer's standard of living, rural art, the rural church, agricultural legislation, coöperative marketing, rural social work, etc. This is information which has never before been gathered together in usable form; it constitutes, in fact, a work of reference of high order.

At last we have been furnished with an interpretation of the Danish system of adult education written by Danes and printed in English. Hitherto the Danish people have hesitated to exploit this, as well as other aspects of their culture; they appeared to possess a sort of temperamental resistance to self-advertising. But, modern communication and modern mobility being what they are, Denmark found it impossible longer to hide its light under a bushel. What will happen to these fascinating social experiments of the "coöperative commonwealth" now that publicity has struck them is still a matter of conjecture. (Complacency seems already to have set in. I found Denmark immensely more interesting five years ago than in 1926.) In any case, it is now a matter of agreement that wherever economic success came to be translated into social success the process is attributable to the folk high schools. Messrs. Begtrup, Lund and Manniche—all leaders in the adult education movement—have attempted to describe how this effectiveness of learning has been accomplished and what it means to contemporary Denmark. They have succeeded in presenting a clarifying picture—clarifying, that is, in view of the religious and nationalistic implications peculiar to Denmark's homogeneous population. Americans will still have difficulty in understanding the Danish movement, but this volume provides an admirable approach; at least, no one need now be satisfied with second-hand interpretations.

Another evidence of the invasion of those who come to "study Danish life" is this small pamphlet describing Agriculture in Denmark. The booklet was especially prepared for visitors and is published in four languages—including English. It tabulates concise facts regarding imports and exports, land distribution and tenure, agricultural credits, coöperative marketing societies, live-stock and crops, activities of agricultural advisors, education, etc. Prospective visitors to Denmark will save a great deal of time for themselves—and incidentally for the Danes—if they will orient themselves in advance by careful study of these two small volumes.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN.

Moderate Behaviorism

An Introduction to Social Psychology, by L. L. Bernard. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 651 pages. $3.60.

WHEN I say that Professor Bernard approaches his subject from a direction moderately behavioristic, I mean, for one thing, that he sees man primarily as a physical organism evolving in a physical world and reacting to it in physical ways, like any other animal. Thus what we can see or visually imagine supplies the outline and background of his treatment, while the psychical, although there is a great deal of it, is used, in a somewhat secondary way, to complete the picture. We begin, then, with a sensitive protoplasm and watch it evolve by the aid of ascending types of adaptive reaction—tropisms, reflexes, instincts—until we come to the intelligent responses and acquired behavior patterns characteristic of man. Having surveyed these, in an analytic way, we turn our thoughts to the person, the visible and motile unit of evolved behavior, following his life history and studying in detail the process of his integration in an environment which has become, along with him, prevailingly mental and social. And finally we pass to a part dealing with groups and institutions, not for their own sake—which would be sociology—but to understand better how they mold the person; and so to the conclusion and the bibliography.

Most of us will wish to know how our consciousness, our mind, in the usual sense of that word, figures in a scheme like this. It is just a more subtle behavior—internal, symbolic behavior, developed by the aid of language, an aspect of that "neuro-psychic technique," located in the brain and nervous system, through which the trial-and-error process underlying all organic growth is generalized, abbreviated and handled by symbols, as numbers by algebraic signs. Its function is to render external or overt behavior more effectual by selecting, organizing and rehearsing beforehand our behavior patterns, until we can see a line of conduct tentatively adjusted both to our personality and to the situation we have to meet. That is what we do, or try to do, when we think, and thinking, we infer, is in its material aspect a process of actual physical behavior among the multitudinous fibres of the brain. Thus consciousness, far from being depreciated, as by another school of behaviorists, appears as indispensable, supremely functional, the crown, indeed, of the behavior system. Even the weird phenomena revealed by the psychoanalyst may be

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received into our stores of fact and ticketed as erratic functioning of visceral drives and neuro-psychic technique.

And yet such a survey, comprehensive as it is in theory, may easily overlook or undervalue facts of consciousness that have no obvious place in the behavior scheme. I happen to have been thinking recently about that growth of sympathetic understanding by which we become able to share the minds of other people, but although it is surely a fundamental matter I find no explicit treatment of it in the book. Those who use another approach may conceivably hit on realms of fact quite off the behaviorist line of march.

Like nearly all the younger writers Bernard rejects as inapplicable to human life the conception of definite instincts—the gregarious instinct, the maternal instinct, the instinct of pugnacity and the like—arguing that these have been too hastily inferred from the analogy of other animals, that in fact human adaptability has been attained by the disintegration of such inherited behavior patterns and the substitution for them of a plastic raw material which receives a special organization for each of us in the course of his individual development. The alleged maternal instinct, for example, though expressive of vague organic needs, is held to be, as regards definite forms of behavior, merely a system of acquired habits. Evidently such views stress environment as the active factor in shaping personality, and indeed this is the trend not only of contemporary psychology but of biology also. It would be rash, however, to conclude that the importance of heredity is correspondingly depreciated. Heredity remains quite indispensable, even though it does not supply ready-made behavior patterns, and individual differences in its quality may be as decisive as differences in environment can possibly be. The psychologist as such knows nothing about that, and I think that Bernard overstresses what he calls the dominance of the environment. The eugenists will have to revise their argument somewhat, but have no occasion to be downhearted.

Bernard is a sociologist by training and much of what he gives that is fresh and distinctive comes from this fact, notably his whole treatment of language which he sees as a social heritage organized by civilization into vast symbolic structures—arts, literatures, institutions—surrounding the individual and imposing its behavior patterns on his neuro-psychic technique. To control these is to control him—without prejudice, of course, to his power, within the social frame, to control himself. There is nothing in this philosophy destructive of freedom, though people used to theological individualism may think so.

I expect that many will find Bernard hard to read. It is not that his style lacks precision and fluency; it has both of these, and at times is notably happy in the choice of words. Nor does he lack a strong and clear flow of thought; it is perhaps too strong, at any rate too copious and too abstract to be easily taken in. The pace is never relaxed; there is, practically, no leisurely illustrative matter in 600 ample pages, no description of experiments, few personal observations, no restful and illuminating extracts from novels or personal histories such as William James used to give us, no developed similes, no kindly break of any sort. He cites many facts but they are rather mentioned than presented. We do not have that comfortable sensation of sitting in at concrete and easily understood research, of seeing fragments of knowledge delightfully emerge like bits of antique statuary from an excavation, which we expect from books of science as distinguished from books of philosophy. The impression the reader gets of him is not that of an observer at all, but rather of a highly competent organizer and expositor of available knowledge. Highly competent for such functions he certainly is; his mind is strenuous, spacious, synthetic and lucid, and as an aeroplane view, from a certain quarter, of the complex geography of the human mind his work has high merit. The manner of it is also good. He avoids controversy, tries to be scrupulously fair to other writers, shuns the propagandist tone not unheard in these precincts, and shows that though the study of social psychology may be pursued by half a dozen somewhat discordant factions it is possible to present a tentative survey of it that does not contradict any of the well ascertained facts.

CHARLES H. COOLEY.

Sentiment of the Quotidian

Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg, edited by Rebecca West. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 289 pages. $2.

IT IS presumable that Miss Rebecca West's selection of Mr. Sandburg's poems was intended rather for English than for American publication, and was aimed primarily at securing for Mr. Sandburg an English as well as an American audience. This fact has its interest: English preferences in American art are always instructive; and if they are also provoking, that only gives the instruction a finer edge. Of contemporary American poets, Mr. Vachel Lindsay is the only one (unless we except Mr. Eliot, who makes his residence in England) who has had much of a following in England. Mr. Frost, though he was first published in England (a fact partly owing to the circumstance that he too was then a resident) ran him a poor second; and the majority of other American poets have found English publication a difficult and infrequent affair. What England likes, in American art—but now perhaps relinquishingly likes—is something with a definite and strong American flavor. In the eighties, when there were still real cowboys who wore real sombreros, and no hotel lobby was without its "spit-box," England found it easier to recognize Artemus Ward and Joaquin Miller as genuine products of this peculiar scene than Howells or James, who were not quite so vividly identifiable. And nowadays the English critic, still hopeful of something intriguingly alien in American art, finds it a good deal easier to "see" Mr. Lindsay than—shall we say—Mr. Wallace Stevens.

And Mr. Sandburg, from this point of view, makes an excellent export product. As Miss West observes in her very interesting preface, Mr. Sandburg is nothing if not American—and by American she means all that is comprised in the term Middle West. She finds that Mr. Sandburg uses a language that in many essentials differs from the English language as spoken and written in England. The rhythms are richer, slower, longer: and they contrive, she thinks, to express all sorts of psychological intangibles peculiar to the naïve self-analytic creature who inhabits the region of the Great Lakes. In this regard, Miss West makes an interesting point. She notes that while the typical American is almost totally incapable of giving an exact report of any objective fact or experience, he is extraordinarily expert, instinctively expert, in conveying his feelings. He does this, she thinks, largely by unconscious manipulations of the rhythms he uses—ironic, laconic, or sardonic—and in so doing charges familiar words with new effects. This is perhaps partially true—

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but one should be careful not to make too much of it. If Miss West is right in taking Mr. Sandburg as preëminently the American poet who has taken over and developed this American characteristic, she is perhaps on ground not quite so firm in rejecting "all his objective nature poems because they strike the English reader as intolerably loose statements of fact." She prefers him, that is, when he is describing "the inner life of the eager little girls who leave those small towns and come to Chicago, but still find no world that makes use of their sweetness": and the "inner life of the strong young men." But is this dichotomy, in Mr. Sandburg's work, quite so easy?

One suspects, at this point, that Miss West is seriously handicapped by the difficulties which any foreigner must encounter in his survey of the American scene. He is a good enough judge of the landscape, but can he possibly know, without prolonged immersion, enough of the "inner life" of these eager little girls and strong young men to judge of a poet's accuracy in describing them? The truth is, that to the American eye Mr. Sandburg is just as apt to be intolerably loose in his analysis—if one can use the term—of the inner life of these folk as in his descriptions of nature. One cannot possibly make so broad a distinction. He is not good at one sort of thing and bad at the other—rather, he is mixedly bad and good at both. His virtues are conspicuous: he uses, better than anyone else in America today, the rich idiomatic journalistic American idiom, the idiom of the streets and barber-shops and smoking-cars; he has an extraordinary vitality and saltiness; he is a lover of the plural; and he conveys his rich sense of the "here and now" in long expatiative rhythms which are often beautiful. But if one goes behind and under these things, if one looks for the accuracy of notation in the matter of inner life, does one not find a comparative poverty?

The truth is that Mr. Sandburg is a sentimentalist. He is sentimental about his factory chimneys and sweaty crowds and stevedores and hunkies and eager young girls in exactly the way that other poets are sentimental about sunsets or broken hearts. He has a passion for the quotidian, he looks at it longingly and wistfully, he has an exceedingly quick eye for its changing colors, and he is "terribly glad" (to quote his own phrase) "to be selling fish." He is genuinely in love with the scene in which he finds himself, and his love for it is frequently infectious. He is genuinely unhappy, also, to find that impermanence and tragedy and frustration move like a groundswell through this beautiful pluralism of things: and this feeling, too, he often successfully communicates. But he does not go deeper than this; and one cannot feel that he ever strikes profoundly into the "inner life" of any of his working-folk. He can give us a good charcoal drawing—we see his Chick Lorimer, the physical Chick Lorimer, vividly enough; we even share his wistful feeling for her; but we also feel a fundamental falsity in his attitude toward her. He does not, in fact, give us Chick Lorimer at all—he gives us instead his rather cloudy sentimental identification of himself with a young woman who has unaccountably disappeared. That is all. One feels that she was a wistful young woman, and that she is gone. The quotidian was beautiful, and it is gone. But would one know her from any other of a thousand young women or young men or withering stalks of goldenrod? Has she the slightest inner reality or intensity of the sort that Miss West thinks she has? One cannot think so.

No, one feels that Miss West's distinction is a false one. Mr. Sandburg is no better, and no worse, in his descriptions of people and feelings than in his descriptions of nature. One must take him as he is—he works in a large, loose medium, inextricably mixing the vivid with the false. He is essentially a lover of surfaces. Like Mr. Lindsay, he does not very well endure the test of repeated rereading, for he is simple; a surface revisited is not so sustaining as a surface seen, and seen vividly, for the first time. And while his rhythms are often delightful, and for the American reader rich in the indigenous, they lack the sort of complexity of outline or shape which can renew one's pleasure on the third or fourth reading. The design, like the feeling, is comparatively cloudy. For this reason, among others, Mr. Sandburg's poetry is a poetry to be taken en masse, not in detail. Very few of his poems will stand well by themselves. One finds him vaguely impressive as a whole, one likes his flavor, but one is decidedly uncertain as to whether there is enough at the core to guarantee his preservation.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Hard Times for Traders

The Fugger News-Letters: Second Series. Being a further Selection from the Fugger papers specially referring to Queen Elizabeth and matters relating to England during the Years 1568-1605, here published for the first time. Edited by Victor von Klarwill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 346 pages. $6.

MOST of us in English-speaking countries think of the sixteenth century as the age of Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare. We assume that London then seemed as important to contemporaries as it does to us in looking back. But we forget that writing poetic dramas was a low occupation, and that at the opening of the century the most important nation in Europe was still Spain. Her officers governed in India. Spanish ships staggered back from Peru and the islands, sweating with booty. A Spanish representative ruled in the Netherlands. The towns of the Hanseatic League, along the Baltic and the North Sea, carried on a heavy trade with Seville and Antwerp. And the hottest issue of the day was the split over all of Europe between Catholics and Protestants. National boundaries were down, and Europe was practically in a state of civil war. Huge sums of money were sunk in campaigns and invested in cargoes which fell into the hands of pirates. The Wall Street back of this activity was the Fugger family, a firm of bankers in Augsburg. Count Fugger had his finger in every pie, lending cash to needy Popes and kings, operating mines, trading in spices. His agents were in all the capitals of Europe, and they kept the Count posted with weekly letters, in which they gave him all the news and rumors afloat. He filed these letters for reference, and later they found their way into the dust of the Vienna National Library. Covering about 36,000 pages of manuscript, they have slept there until recently in obscurity.

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Rome. Reading them is watching a moving picture unreel the feuds and dickerings and worries and hopes of the time.

The agent in Spain groaned continually (was there ever an agent who didn't groan?) that English pirates were snapping up Spanish ships and carrying them off to London. "That corsair Drake" was especially apt at this game, and his raids were followed by bankruptcies in Lisbon and Seville. The agent in Antwerp reported the efforts of the English, French and Dutch—who couldn't always get along among themselves—to oust the Spaniards from the Low Countries. And in Constantinople the English envoy was egging on the Sultan to attack "the chief of all idolaters, the King of Spain," from behind.

The letters from London itself were filled with reports of uprisings of the "wild Irish" and plots at home to assassinate the Queen. Many English nobles had remained Catholic, and hated the Protestants, including Elizabeth, more than they hated the Spaniards. It is hard for us, who have substituted national for religious boundaries, to realize what this meant. There were frequent plans to kill Elizabeth, put Mary Queen of Scots—or another Catholic—on the throne, and make an alliance with Spain. But Elizabeth kept a minister who specialized in discovering plots, and the schemers were promptly hanged, beheaded, burned or quartered alive. Many of the most distinguished careers of the reign ended in the Tower or on the chopping block. In the meanwhile she was always holding out to France the bait of a possible union by marriage, playing the twenty-five year old Duc d'Alençon, the brother of the King of France, like a trout. She sent and received envoys and gifts. She invited him to London and entertained him as the accepted suitor. But each time the wedding grew imminent, he was put off with delays. It was even suggested once that he should have a younger bride (which would probably have pleased him), and there was talk of giving him Arabella Stuart, who was known as the Queen's "cousin." According to the opinion of the time, it was said "to be evident" that she was a daughter of Elizabeth. And it was generally understood that she was the "next heiress to the English throne after the Queen's death." She, too, alas, ended in the Tower.

The preparations for the Spanish Armada, and its final catastrophe, also emerge little by little through letters from both Spain and England. And all through the book like a refrain runs the lament, "These are hard times for traders." They were exactly that.

It is immensely interesting to watch the portrait of Queen Elizabeth which, as one reads, gradually sharpens into focus and lays its shadow over all the letters. There is no doubt about her vigor. And in the minds of her contemporaries, there was no doubt about her unscrupulousness. Like Napoleon or Catherine—like every strong ruler—she never hesitated to break a promise when she could do so to advantage. Or she could lie as boldly, as righteously as any Foreign Minister. That pirate Drake had her permission to sink Spanish ships? Of course not! She was deeply distressed to hear of it, and would settle with him when he came home! . . . Drake came home and presented her with a string of Spanish diamonds which the Queen looped about her hair. For punishment she fitted him out twelve more ships. In every situation she pursued her own interest mercilessly. The business men who wrote these letters referred to her as "that woman who knows no law." In other words, she was a Great Monarch.

One could not find more illuminating documents about the sixteenth century than these. The plague on all formal histories is that they have perspective. The historian knows where the events he described were leading. With this knowledge in his head he irresistibly shapes up his history to meet it. He weaves policies until his account is comfortably logical. This is why each century imagines that in earlier times the issues were clear-cut, while today is always chaotic. But the logic was never outside of the historians' minds. Life is opportunist; and instead of the false continuity of history the Fugger Letters are broken with the jaggedness of life. They caught the actors of our Golden Age fumbling haphazardly, fearfully with each moment as it came. Every day was an emergency. Decisions sprouted on the soil of wrong information, prejudice and jealousy. Policies were hatched and changed overnight. Meanwhile the agents of Count Fugger watched, and with bewildered patience wrote him what they saw. The errors and contradictions are the essential truth of their picture. This is how it looked at the time. The tang of first-hand vitality, which these contradictions give, cannot be lifted into histories. It stays with the swift impressions set down under the heat of events.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

A Modern Philosopher-King

Holism and Evolution, by General the Right Honorable J. C. Smuts. New York: The Macmillan Company. 362 pages. $3.50.

THE story goes in South Africa that during the Anglo-Boer war General Smuts carried Kant's Critique of Pure Reason about with him for light reading on his strenuous raids. Certainly, during the Great War, when he was a member of England's small War Cabinet, he was found one Sunday afternoon discussing with Professor Samuel Alexander the problems of a world in evolution. In his library, at his farm "Irene" near Pretoria, are always to be found the latest books on philosophy. Nor has this many-sided man, in a busy life of war and politics, neglected the sciences. Of botany he has more than an amateur's knowledge, and his Presidential Address, a year ago, to the South African Association for the Advancement of Science, showed him to be unusually wide awake to the problems of contemporary life which science can help to solve.

In short, General Smuts stands out among modern statesmen as combining within himself the qualifications of practical experience, science and philosophy, which Plato prescribed for his philosopher-kings. He combines them perhaps even more fully than Lords Balfour and Haldane, the nearest parallels which come to mind.

Holism is a term which General Smuts has coined from the Greek word, holon, meaning a whole. He claims to put forward under this title the basis of a new world-view within the framework of science. Holism is his name for the fundamental factor in the universe which accounts for its being a "whole-making" universe. Evolution creates wholes all along the line: atoms—molecules—cells—organisms—minds—personalities: such is the ladder of wholes. The fundamental stuff of the universe is action, but action which always takes structural form. The space-time continuum of the theory of relativity is the most pervasive structure of the universe, but every type of whole has its own distinctive structure in relation to the "field" of other wholes with which it interacts. Through this interaction

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of wholes the process of evolution takes place, creating by slow stages higher wholes, viz., wholes in which external determination becomes self-determination or freedom; wholes which take conscious control of themselves and their environment; wholes which seek to realize the ideals of well-being, truth, beauty.

Holism is intended to be at once descriptive and explanatory of the process of evolution. It is the generalized answer to the problem of creative synthesis; i. e., how out of the coalescing of different elements arises a new unity different from all of them. It does away thereby with the old dualism of body and mind and the riddle of their relation. It combines within itself the partial truths of mechanism, vitalism, psychism. It rejects idealism, for how can mind, a late-comer in evolution, be the ultimate reality? It provides for the creativeness of Bergson's élan vital, but insists that this creative activity must have structure and direction, manifesting itself in successive stages through which we can discern the great trend towards "the rise and self-perfection of wholes in the Whole." Yet, to speak of the Universe as "the Whole," in the monistic sense of a single dominant mind or purpose, is illegitimate. All the phrase means is that wholes are not closed, isolated, Leibnitzian monads, but that by their interactions they form a field of pluralistic structure. Whether there is a God in this scheme, General Smuts does not tell us: he does not even, like Samuel Alexander, make room for God as a more perfect type of whole about to be evolved.

Such, in brief outline, is the ground-plan of the holistic universe. Is it as new and original as its author claims it is? To this question, no simple answer is possible. The bricks of which the edifice is constructed are obviously not new. There are no new scientific facts or discoveries adduced by General Smuts. He is merely trying to use the most up-to-date scientific knowledge, from the theory of relativity in physics to the theory of cell-structure and cell-function in biology. In psychology, he seems by comparison to be noticeably less well read. And his bold attempt to put "the Einstein viewpoint quite simply and intelligibly," without any use of mathematics in some fourteen pages is hardly successful. It is in truth too simple, and therefore unintelligible to anyone who knows enough, or can think enough, to realize its inevitable omissions and ambiguities. But this, after all, is not a crucial criticism. For what matters is not a flaw, here and there, in the bricks, but the pattern and design of the edifice as a whole.

Now, there is originality in the pattern as a whole. General Smuts considers holism as a contribution to science rather than to philosophy. Scientists, absorbed in their special fields, do not generally indulge in comprehensive surveys of Nature, and do not, therefore, generalize the concept of whole so as to be co-extensive with the process of evolution. In scientific theory, therefore, holism is a new thing, and if scientists are willing to accept it, it will mean a re-orientation of scientific thought. Perhaps Prof. A. N. Whitehead's new theory of organisms may turn out to be an independent attempt at a similar re-orientation. Philosophers, in their turn, must acknowledge a certain measure of originality in holism. True, in its synoptic character, in its concept of creative activity, in its account of evolution as a series of stages of ascending perfection, it runs along familiar lines. But, of the thinkers who have tried to base their philosophy on evolution, some, like Alexander and Lloyd Morgan, have thought in terms of stages rather than of wholes; others, like James Ward, have acknowledged wholes, but made all their wholes spiritual, analyzing the universe as a society of spirits; yet others, like Pringle-Pattison, treat evolution as the self-revelation of God. Clearly, as against all these, holism is a novel interpretation of the commonly accepted facts, a new reading of the character of cosmic evolution. The book with which, philosophically considered, it most nearly invites comparison is Prof. J. E. Boodin's masterly and comprehensive volume on Cosmic Evolution. In any case, General Smuts has written a book which is fresh in thought and vigorous in style, and which deserves far higher praise than the lukewarm succès d'estime that is generally meted out by professionals to the work of distinguished outsiders.

As it stands, holism is offered merely as an introductory sketch. General Smuts holds out hopes of a second volume, in which he will attempt to show how the principle of holism "affects the higher spiritual interests of mankind." Clearly, the present government of South Africa can render no greater service to philosophy than keeping General Smuts out of office until he has redeemed this promise.

R. F. A. Hoernlé.

Sources of Ecstasy

The Psychology of Religious Mysticism, by James H. Leuba. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 336 pages. $5.

SOME critics are like mice. They nibble at infelicities of expression or slips of thought, making little holes in the object of their attack, but leaving nothing more consequential behind them than tell-tale evidence of their scampering. Others are like eagles. They attain to a height of vision from which a survey in perspective becomes possible; subjects take on new scope and profundity when seen through their eyes. Those who have been irritated by the cunning and finesse which the mouse manner has achieved in certain fields would, if they examined Professor Leuba's critical study of religious mysticism, find it delightfully different. And it belongs neither to the literature of edifying propaganda which constitutes the bulk of the voluminous library of mysticism nor to the literature of prejudiced attack which comprises nearly all the remainder. The author's motivating purpose was clearly a hunger for facts simmered in meditation. Consequently his book is of real importance to men and women seriously interested in religion, human nature, or the improvement of social relations.

We may distinguish two types of religious behavior: an objective, business-like attitude in which the religious person stands over against the divinity in a spirit of barter, and a subjective, self-surrendering attitude in which he seeks to merge his very being with the divine. This experience which is taken by the experiencer to be a union of the self with a larger-than-self called God, World-Spirit, Oversoul, Absolute, or what not, is regarded by Professor Leuba to be mysticism in the strict sense. Western institutionalized religion, as expressed in its official creeds and books of worship, is primarily of the business-like, bargaining type, yet mysticism in its incipient stages is encouraged, and even in the grand manner is, with some misgivings, recognized and looked up to. So that any thorough-going psychological examination of mystical experience is bound to be a major operation involving some of the most vital organs of accredited religion.

It is quite clear from Professor Leuba's study that mystical ecstasy akin to ecstatic religious experience may be induced by something as unspiritual as alcohol or narcotic drugs, or by such physical means as fasting, dancing, flagel-

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lation, etc. The resulting intoxication, caused in fact by a narcotic beverage or by mechanical means capable of producing intense excitement, is believed to be the culmination of commerce with a superhuman world. Professor Leuba shows this to be due to the experience of an enhancement of life, to the greatly heightened sense of well-being, self-importance and power, or to a delightful feeling of relaxation and freedom from restraint ending sometimes in complete unconsciousness. Simple men naturally regard such experience as evidence of divine possession.

As the conception of the Divine gains in refinement, the use of drugs or mechanical means falls under suspicion. Gropingly, men evolve a less material method of inducing ecstasy. Moving in this direction are the Yoga systems of India. A psychic means, the persistent fixation of attention, is chiefly depended upon by the Yogin to secure the trance state in which the pain, defeat and effort of ordinary life are swallowed up in a marvelous, ineffable, divine absorption.

But it is in the love raptures of the Christian mystics that the misinterpretation of psycho-physical processes reaches the limit. The biographical studies of the great mystics here presented leave little doubt that what they interpreted as union with God was a compensation for thwarted ambition or an aberration of a grand passion for a human being of the opposite sex, or both. They were men and women who, to an extraordinary degree, craved admiration and affection; circumstances denied them the satisfaction of this need; early religious training, emphasizing chastity and the love of God, did the rest. Francis of Assisi and Ignatius Loyola illustrate the defeated desire to attract attention. It was after the former had been spurned by those among whom he wanted to shine, that he turned to the religious life. "If the world would not feed his ambition and appease his aspiring heart, the Church and God would." It was "when, in consequence of the loss of a leg, a glorious career in the armies of his earthly sovereign had become impossible," that the latter "sought and found compensation in the service of God and the Church." In others (Suzo, Catherine of Genoa, Mme. Guyon) the love motive was more dominant. Mme. Guyon may serve for the rest. Married to a man much older than herself for whom she did not care, she tells God that she loves *him* "more passionately than the most passionate lover ever loved his mistress." "I crave," she exclaims, "the love that thrills and burns and leaves one fainting in an inexpressible joy and pain." "And after God's response," says Professor Leuba, "still trembling in every limb, she would cry, 'O God, if you would permit sensual people to feel what I feel, very soon they would leave their false pleasures in order to enjoy so real a blessing.' "

The evidence, however, is not limited to the use of language symbolic of earthly love. The biographies show, in some cases conclusively, the connection between religious ecstasy and tender relations with persons of the opposite sex. The fluctuations of Mme. Guyon's divine raptures synchronize with the presence and absence in her life of a captivating monk or priest. In the case of one of these, Father la Combe, the earthly and the heavenly lover became interchangeable. There was, according to her own confession, "complete unity, so that I could no longer distinguish him from God."

Scientists who happen to deal with topics involving ethical or religious presuppositions generally feel called upon to say a few sentimental words in parting from their readers calculated to perpetuate beliefs which their investigation demonstrated to be illusions. Nothing is more uncommon than Professor Leuba's refusal to compromise his integrity for the sake of a happy ending. Instead of it his concluding chapters present an extraordinarily frank critique of the alleged evidence for, and supposed value of, dependence upon a supernatural personal being. The therapeutic effect of religious experience is not denied, but the superiority of such methods as that of the psychoanalysts who aim at the reëstablishment of self-confidence, mental wholeness and faith in life is emphasized. In this and other connections one regrets that the author pays so little attention to the bearing of social and economic forces on mental and moral health and that he ignores the non-supernatural type of religion which has come into existence as a challenge to the present form of society. Yet even the champions of the latter type of religion should find this study of mysticism of great value.

M. C. Otto.

The Russian Voltaire

My Past and Thoughts, the Memoirs of Alexander Herzen. The authorized translation, translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Five vols. $10.

HERE are memoirs having one of the fundamental qualities of authentic literature: the writing of this frank, personal, expansive book had upon its author a cathartic, healing effect. The work, he confessed, tided him over an acutely critical period, and, in his own words, lifted him out of the idle despair in which he was perishing. It helped the exile to repatriate himself in the spirit, if not in the flesh.

Herzen began to write his reminiscences shortly after his arrival in London in 1852. It was a wrecked, heart-sick, hopeless man of forty who had shaken the dust of the Continent from his feet. He felt as though he had buried everything precious to him. Five years previously, making his first trip abroad, he had beheld the Café Foy —where Camille Desmoulins had stuck a green leaf in his hat and shouted, "A la Bastille!"—with the reverence of a Moslem pilgrim beholding the minarets of Mecca. France had at that time been to him the country of the Great Revolution, the cradle of socialist thought, the fountain-head of justice and reason. Then came a tour of Italy, made doubly glorious by the tumult of political awakening there. And finally, like a thundering climax, came the Paris revolution of 1848. But "the honeymoon of the Republic" was soon over. The failure of the revolution struck at the very roots of his being. And then fate fairly trampled him with a succession of private misfortunes. A fortnight before Napoleon's coup d'état, Herzen's mother and his son Kolya were drowned in the Mediterranean. Six months later his adored wife Natalie died, having barely extricated herself from a romantic triangle in which the German poet Herwegh played a half comic and wholly abominable part, and which was extremely painful to the husband. Everything, public and personal, was going to rack and ruin. His world tumbled about his ears.

In the populous solitude which London afforded him he lay licking his wounds and brooding, and at last decided to set down, black on white, the story of the tragic years from which he had just emerged. It was a bit, as he put it, like playing on his private cemetery, but the game strangely diverted him. The effort to reanimate the immediate past recalled to him the happier times that had

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gone before. He remembered the Moscow years, with their fury of nocturnal argument, and their youthful ebullience; the dull provincial towns to which he had twice been banished; the romantic comedy of his elopement with Natalie; the barracks where he was locked up on a charge of being acquainted with people who sang seditious songs at a supper party; his Schilleresque student days; the life in his father's mansion with its aristocratic eighteenth century aroma, the details of his childhood, even to his nurse's story of how a drunken soldier of Napoleon's army of invasion had torn him from her arms in the garden behind their Moscow house and searched his diapers for diamonds, in vain. He gave up his first intention and commenced to write his story from the beginning. And as the past was resuscitated, so he, too, came alive again. Once more he found something to cling to. The West stank of death, but in the East there was the stir and summons of new life: he would give himself to the cause of the Russian masses; he would be the voice of the muzzled intellectuals and of the inarticulate folk.

He had inherited a handsome fortune from his father, who hadn't, however, troubled to legitimize him. Using a portion of this, and all of the energy and brilliance which made him the Russian Voltaire, as Bakunin called him, he set up the first so-called "free Russian press," and from his London retreat launched a campaign against serfdom and the bureaucracy, which made him the terror of official Russia and the idol of the liberals. This aspect of his work, which belongs to Russian history, is not much evidenced in the Memoirs. Only the first four divisions of them, covering Herzen's life up to his departure for Europe in 1847, are in the nature of a consecutive narrative. The rest is a collection of shining fragments, many hurriedly chipped from the rock of experience, a few carefully wrought and rubbed to a high lustre over a period of years. The section dealing with his family tragedy was begun in 1853, completed in 1858, added to in 1860, and revised from time to time, to the end of his life. The final fragment included in the Memoirs is dated 1867, three years before his passing.

From first to last this record of Herzen's works and days is a delight and a bracer to the mind. Reminiscence, chronicle, confession—Proudhon rightly called him the frankest of men—are placed beside disquisition, invective, prophecy, the whole forming a mosaic, worn here and there with time, but on the whole bright and rich with living color. There are Russian scenes and scenes laid in every corner of Europe. A multitude of people moves across the pages: the odd fellows nourished by Herzen's native soil and eccentrics of many nations, Dogberrys and Hamlets, revolutionists and spies, blackguards and heroes. Some are obscure creatures who would else be consigned to oblivion, and some, like Garibaldi, have made history; all carry with them a stock of incident and anecdote, and lead the author into the green pastures of speculation. Every manner of subject is discussed, often in a competent and always in a stimulating fashion, his divagations ranging from the difference between old maids and childless wives and the variance in the behavior of French and English crowds. On every page there is the stamp of the personality of this keen, lusty, opinionated man, possessed of a vigorous ego, of an immense gusto for life, of a mind richly furnished with general ideas, having, too, the distaste for the wholesale and the fastidiousness of the aristocrat, as well as that sense of the seamy side with which even a fondly nurtured bastard is endowed.

Herzen was bound to make his Memoirs the vehicle of his social philosophy. During his last two decades he lived by his faith in Russia. The West, he insisted, was ruled by the spirit of the middle class, which made man "the appurtenance of property," substituted the desire for material prosperity for all passions and fanaticisms, religions and heroisms, reconciled "the conscience of the Christian with the practice of the usurer," and reduced the whole of morality "to the duty of him who has not by every possible means to acquire, and of him who has to preserve and to increase his property." The middle class played in Herzen's thinking the rôle of "l'infâme" in Voltaire's, and, like Voltaire, he infected generations with his spleen. Time, while blunting some of his points, has only increased the aptness of the invective heaped upon the bourgeoisie by this man who was himself, ironically enough, a rentier. Russia alone he believed to have escaped the corruption of middle class civilization. The masses there were born, if unconscious, communists, and the workmen's guild (artel) and the village commune (obshchina) with its periodic redistribution of land, were the very corner-stones of her national existence. Unlike the people of France or England, his own countrymen had nothing to hold them to the established order, and when they rebelled they would "not stop midway," but would forthwith give the world an example of a society organized on communist lines. In this, the ninth year of the Soviet Union, Herzen's belief that Russia would enter history "abreast of the social revolution" takes on the character of a prophecy and a challenge.

The present translation has been made from the Berlin edition of 1921, which, a note in each of the five volumes informs us, is "the sole complete" edition available. As a matter of fact, the sole complete and authentic text of the Memoirs was published in 1919-20 as volumes 12 to 14 of the monumental twenty-two-volume edition of Herzen's works, issued by the State Publishing House in Leningrad. It is a pity that the translator did not use this text, on the editing of which the most painstaking scholarship has been lavished. She would then not have omitted the concluding piece, a sketch of Geneva, and, what is more important, the long essay on Robert Owen, which is of special interest because of Herzen's personal acquaintance with the man. He observed that Owen was like a tooth from which a paleontologist of the future could reconstruct the whole organism of England. On the other hand, she would not have included the lengthy article on Alexander I, which does not properly belong in My Past and Thoughts. Mrs. Garnett might also have profited by the exhaustive notes and commentaries of the Leningrad text. Her translation is, however, so admirable that one readily overlooks her very infrequent slips.

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rotund and sententious—she has apparently exhausted less her vein. While with Mrs. Wharton it is now a remembered and sometimes stale world, Miss Glasgow has grown from book to book with that South she began with a full generation ago.

If Miss Glasgow knows her South and its people in and out in all their phases she is never content with mere presentation: she sees them always in relation to the larger world of contemporary ideas. Distinctly she is a novelist with ideas, even with a latent thesis, which latterly—in Barren Ground and The Romantic Comedians—emerges as a condemnation of the common illusion of personal happiness through romantic passion, so often substituted for the illusions of duty, ambition, pride. Specifically the theme of The Romantic Comedians is, in Mrs. Upchurch's words, "the disadvantages in man or woman of an incurably amorous habit of mind."

Judge Honeywell's belated amorousness fixed itself at sixty-five on the wispy Annabel, disastrously: his fate illustrates again the ancient adage of "no fool like an old fool," with a woman. The misfortunes of a disparity of ages in mating is no new subject. But the title drives home a larger theme, that of all romantic comedians at the eternal game of self-delusion and disillusionment. So far as the story sets forth the ironies and the follies of desire at odds with the power of fulfillment, it is on sure if well trodden ground—although it is safe to say that marriage between a Judge Honeywell and an Annabel would result disastrously without disparity in their ages, for he was a prig of a man and she an avid egotist of a girl. Physical revulsions and incompatibilities in sex are not always due to age discrepancies. But Miss Glasgow is not content with an ironic exploitation of another instance of May and November mating. She pushes her thesis further into a general disapproval of the common human effort to gain happiness through love. That illusion has persisted, no more in literature than in life. Some emotional glamor to heighten the process of living seems to be a necessity of the human spirit, and the illusion of love between men and women is no more ridiculous than those other illusions of religion or ambition with which middle age is wont to console itself.

The Romantic Comedians proves nothing more novel or fundamental than that the Judge was an amorous and foolish old man. In fact he was too little romantic. A true romantic, he would have married the faithful Amanda without question, instead of the unreal Annabel, seeing her declining beauty through the radiance of his youthful love, thus creating a sustaining illusion for his old age. But not being truly romantic, he exhibited the pathological symptoms of the exhausted male, seeking the renewal of physical forces through the embraces of youth. This familiar pathological case Miss Glasgow has described exactly, decently—and cruelly, even to the grasp of old habits of creature comforts on that doleful last journey of disillusionment, where his arm chair, his fire, his home quite banish the image of the lost Annabel.

Mrs. Upchurch, somewhat younger than the Judge, has mastered what seems to her creator the true philosophy of disillusionment: she has a feline instinct for the minor creature comforts, without the disturbances of emotion. Comfort and the patter of daily routine are all that may be expected, after youth. Romance, passion, love are illusions warming only below forty. Beyond that emotional deadline only the mockery of dead desires is possible. Logical but untrue. Innumerable instances of happiness in love among the middle-aged and old prove that not only the

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desire, but also the capacity for the larger illusions persist beyond the imaginary dead line. There are failures as well as successes, after forty as before! The secret is wholly individual and elusive, as is the secret of all living. To deride the human effort for fulfillment through love, to establish age limits in emotion, is futile and undiscerning. Sentimentalists will always pay the price and true romantics win the prize, in age as in youth.

ROBERT HERRICK.

A Crypto-Heretic on Nationalism

Essays on Nationalism, by Carlton J. H. Hayes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 279 pages. $3.

AS we go to press Professor Hayes has not been deported and the siege of Morningside Heights has not begun. The Rotawanians and the Sons and Daughters of This and That doze at ease with station ABZ . . . ROZ. They have never seen, and the chances are that they never will see, the remark on page twenty-two that "in one sense" America is to be classed among the "subnationalities," nor on page seventy-four that "nationalism could be made to act as a sort of laughing gas. If a laborer could be induced to take a long deep breath of it, he would . . . lose the reality of his own squalid habitation in the dream of national greatness." Nor, indeed, have they seen the later observation that "Nationalism as a religion represents a reaction against historic Christianity." The truth is once more confirmed that if you would keep a secret in America, simply print it in a blue and sober book.

The essential novelty of what has been written in this book lies in the careful exposure of the religious nature of modern nationalism. The vogue of super-heated nationalism is attributed to the fact that the upper middle classes have discovered in it an emotional substitute for Christianity. What is happening in America and elsewhere is a process of syncretism by which an ever diminishing element of Christianity and an ever increasing element of nationalism is entering into the alloy known as modern religion.

The god of the new cult is the patrie, the state, for whom the modern man will offer up his life. The ideal of the national state is a mighty, mystic power outside of puny individual men. It is the source of blessings for those who worship and obey. To propitiate and to serve is the highest duty of man. The national state has a mission and its mission is everlasting.

The new religion has its rituals. The flag is supplanting the cross. The flag is the object of ceremonious salutes and dippings. Men bare their heads, children swear allegiance, adolescents orate, and the grand old chiefs of the tribe lend an ear to the wisdom of babes and sucklings. The national Christmas in America comes on the Fourth of July, the special days set aside for Saint George, Saint Abraham, Saint Theodore and Saint Woodrow. The manger lies at Mt. Vernon: good can hail from Virginia. The devout adorn their walls with ikons and upon their terraces lie busts.

The prose of Mr. Hayes is sedate at first. Solids liquefy and at times ignite when he comes to nationalism and propaganda, religion, war, militarism and intolerance. The iffing and butting of the last chapter is rather an anticlimax to the magistral sweep of the antecedent passages. It is

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common sense "to mitigate nationalism," but no scalps were ever lifted by plain good sense.

The firm cultural definition of nationality in this book shows the benign effects of modern anthropology. The author takes a mighty wallop at the tomfoolery of Stoddard and Grant and all the other vestigial remnants of the neanderthal days of anthropology. But Mr. Hayes is not so fortunate in his psychological reading, and by a slip of the pen perpetuates the hoary legend of "man's innate tendencies to hero-worship and group-combat."

Although this is pretty good sociology and impeccable history, a large gap yet yawns. What is missing and what would be no less illuminating is the revelation of what the manifest conduct and ideology called nationalist actually means in terms of the life histories of individual men and women. If Smith is a fermented hater of the Japanese, the sociologist and the historian would probably interpret him as one who acts in a situation produced by differential pressures of living standards in an increasingly mobile world. But the truth may be that as far as Smith's personality is concerned, these hectic preoccupations mean nothing more than a defense against illicit impulses. Religion is more often created by a sense of sin than the sense of sin is instilled by religion, and the cult value of nationalism is by no means explicable on the basis of a supposed "religious sense."

One trouble with this book is that it doesn't account for Mr. Hayes. Here is a man who is obviously not a benighted worshiper in the nationalist temple. But how, in specific terms of personal causation, is it possible for him and many more to escape? I could hazard the beginning of a guess. Professor Hayes. . . . But why anticipate the autobiography of an eminent historian?

HAROLD D. LASSWELL.

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